

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## ONE FEBRUARY DAY.

WELL I remember walking in our garden  
 One February day;  
 The snows and blasts of winter had departed,  
 The murky veil of grey

Had risen to show a palely smiling heaven,  
 And now and then there fell —  
 To relieve the rapt emotion of the silence —  
 A bird's song-syllable.

A patient calm of expectation brooded  
 Above each vacant bed,  
 Like that which, when the first grief-burst is  
 over,  
 We keep above our dead.

I thought, "If one, a stranger to the spring-  
 tide,  
 Walked by my side to-day,  
 How could his fancy hope to know the beauty  
 In germ beneath that clay?"

"Or how anticipate the varied glories  
 Which cloudless days will bring?  
 How could he, being but a child of Winter,  
 Foretaste the joys of Spring?"

Brethren, who seek and wait a resurrection  
 For a world bound by death,  
 Wherefore these sighs — this heaviness of  
 spirit?  
 Listen — "Where is your faith?"

Why that grey shadow on a brow that faces  
 The rising dawn of spring?  
 When the glad calm of faith and hope united  
 A sweet, strong peace should bring!

Sure, the meridian of death's reign is over!  
 Where the black frosts to-day?  
 Sure, the world's ante-springtide expectation  
 Waits for Christ's hastening sway!

He sees the germination in the darkness;  
 Flowers, yet unseen, by name  
 He calleth and delighteth in, and bids you,  
 Through him, to do the same.

Then courage, brothers! day by day it neareth,  
 It glideth to the tryst.  
 The time when sun and song shall flood for-  
 ever  
 A world renewed by Christ!

Sunday Magazine. MARY M. HAYWARD.

## INCOMPLETE.

Is't well when Spring's delicious, sweet dis-  
 sembling  
 'Mid joy on joy fills Nature with delight,  
 That every thought which on our lips is trem-  
 bling  
 Should be unspoken, though we read aright  
 The promises of May, and love's shy sembling?

Is't well in crimson of the roses' glory,  
 Amid the breathings of the flowery June,  
 That all our summer should be one sad story,  
 And all our music should be out of tune,  
 As though we sang of spring when woods were  
 hoary?

Is't well when meadow-lands are limped with  
 heather,  
 Or yellow with the wealth of autumn gold,  
 That we should wander not again together,  
 To reap the harvest of a hope once told  
 When life had bluer skies and fairer weather?

Is't well when closer knit by fireside pleasures,  
 And joys of home as winter comes again,  
 That we should miss, in counting o'er our  
 treasures,  
 One tender link — the brightest in the chain?  
 Enough! it is the hand of God that measures.  
 Chambers' Journal. HARRIET KENDALL.

## A RAINY EVENING.

THE twilight shadows darkling fall:  
 O memories dear! against thy thrall  
 My heart strives all in vain.  
 Yet wherefore strive against my mood?  
 I cannot silence, if I would,  
 The softly falling rain.

At such an hour, on such an eve,  
 Bright hopes, that yet I inly grieve,  
 Sprang up, to fade and wane.  
 Ah, never more, hand clasped in hand,  
 Shall we within the doorway stand,  
 And watch the falling rain.

Yet still the sweetness of that hour  
 Returns, with all its wonted power  
 Of mingled joy and pain,  
 When, dropping down from window-eaves,  
 Or gently falling on the leaves,  
 I hear the summer rain.

O cruel Memory! thus to bring  
 That glad brief hour, with bitter sting,  
 Back to my heart again;  
 Those parting words of fond regret;  
 With glad pretext, love lingering yet,  
 Unmindful of the rain.

Ah! brief, indeed, poor aching heart,  
 The joy those fickle hopes impart;  
 Grief follows in their train.  
 Nay, nay, my heart; take upward wing.  
 O cruel Memory! thy sting  
 Shall vanish with the rain.

Though sadder seem the songs I trill,  
 Yet sorrow, with its plaintive thrill,  
 Adds sweetness to the strain;  
 As fragrant perfumes softly flow  
 From hawthorn blossoms bending low,  
 Beat down by wind and rain.  
 Chambers' Journal. E. W.

From The Quarterly Review.

ARCHBISHOP TAIT AND THE PRIMACY.\*

THE year which has just passed will be memorable as marking an epoch in the history of the Church of England. It has witnessed the close of an unusual number of eminent careers; and, above all, two great characters have passed away from amongst us, the loss of whom makes us sensible that the Church is entering the new year under new and anxious circumstances. Before referring to those great names, we must pay a passing tribute to two others in this sad list of losses. The recent death of Bishop Ollivant, of Llandaff, reminds us how few now can remain of the generation among whom the influence of the great Evangelical school was predominant. He represented the best traditions of the learning and the sober piety of that school. He was a scholar of the first rank; he was distinguished for his mild and genial wisdom; and his influence, though gentle, was deep and beneficent, alike in his own diocese and in the counsels of the Church. An equally venerable character, of an opposite school of Churchmanship, was removed from us by the death of Dr. Hawkins. As Bishop Ollivant preserved among us the memory of the old Evangelical party, so Dr. Hawkins was the most conspicuous representative of the old High Churchmen. He was a leader among them before the Tractarian school had been heard of, or dreamed of; and he maintained to the last the principles and the tone of mind which the new school strove to supplant. The whole world changed around him; but without in any way secluding himself from it, or losing his sympathies with the younger generation, he remained to the last the provost of Oriel of fifty years ago; and bore witness amidst an age of extremes to the moderation and steadiness which were formerly the characteristic qualities of the English clergy. If the deaths of such men remind us of a world that has passed

away, they recall at the same time characteristics and capacities which are deeply rooted in the Church of England. No really great influence in our past history can safely be neglected. The statesman-like Churchmen of the Reformation, the Caroline divines, and the philosophic school of the last century, are all indispensable portions of our great heritage; and as time passes on, and the Church enters into new phases of thought and life, the old Evangelical school and the old High Church school must similarly take an honorable place in our traditions, and in the permanent elements of which the Church of England as a whole is composed.

But the other two great names to which we have referred belong to the generation in which those schools of thought had ceased to be predominant, and their consecration by death marks the approach of another period in our ecclesiastical history. Dr. Pusey on the one hand, and Archbishop Tait on the other, were the best representatives of the two great influences which have mainly divided the thought and the allegiance of English Churchmen since the commencement of the Tractarian movement. There was indeed one conspicuous difference in the manner in which they represented their respective tendencies, due partly to their different positions, but still more to the temper of their minds. Archbishop Tait's temperament was eminently judicial, and this characteristic was deepened by the duties of the high public positions which he held. Dr. Pusey, on the contrary, was not less characteristically a party leader; and the seclusion in which he lived, the predominance among his associates of men of one school of thought, developed in his mind more and more the qualities of an advocate. Whereas, in fact, Dr. Pusey was so closely identified with a single party in the Church that the popular instinct, which is rarely wrong in such matters, stamped it with his name, it was one of Archbishop Tait's chief claims to honor, that he never either acted or felt as a member, still less as the leader, of a party. As became his position, he stood above them all, and endeavored to

\* 1. *Charges delivered by Archibald Campbell, Bishop of London, 1858, 1862, and 1866.* London.

2. *Charges delivered by Archibald Campbell, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1872, 1876, and 1880.* London.

moderate between them. But still, as must be in some degree the case with every one, he was the man of his own generation, and his character was mainly determined by one of its chief influences. He has himself told us, again and again, what that influence was. In the last words he wrote—or rather, as we believe, which he dictated from his death-bed—he avowed himself the pupil of Arnold, and claimed for the principles which Arnold had inculcated an increasing predominance over those of the Tractarian school. The passing away, therefore, of these two great representatives of English Churchmen cannot but mark the approaching close of the great controversy of the last fifty years. It may be difficult at present to determine exactly what this result will prove; but it is none the less clear that the days when that controversy predominated are over, and that we are entering upon the discussion of new problems, with new difficulties. None appreciated this better than the late archbishop himself. His last charge, delivered in 1880, was entitled “The Church of the Future,” and was an attempt to confront, with characteristic boldness, the problems of the new generation. In the last words of the paper just referred to, he recorded his conviction, that “the Church and the world seem entering on totally new phases.” He added that, though the good or evil of the future is far beyond our ken, “many lessons may be learned from the past, both for imitation and avoidance.” Not the least valuable of such lessons may, we think, be learned from his own great career; and while endeavoring in the following pages to pay some slight tribute to his admirable life and work, some considerations can hardly fail to arise, which may afford some guidance to the Church which mourns his loss, and to his successor.

The appointment of that successor has been welcomed by a general unanimity, which affords a strong assurance of the wisdom of the choice which has been made. Considering the immense influence upon the destinies of the Church which an Archbishop of Canterbury may

exert, it is inevitable that some expressions of anxiety should have been heard. But on the whole, there has been on all sides a cordial recognition of Bishop Benson's great claims, and of the promise afforded by his past career. It is understood that the late archbishop looked forward with hope to being some day followed by him in the primacy, and this fact alone would conciliate confidence towards him. He may be comparatively young for so great a position, though the late archbishop on his appointment was but three or four years older. But if he possesses the faculties for guiding the Church, they ought to be now in their prime of vigor; and if, as has been said, the Church is entering on a new period, it is well that her guidance should be in the hands of a man who is not too old to open his mind to new circumstances and new emergencies. Brief as Bishop Benson's administration of the diocese of Truro has been, it has afforded a display of some of the chief qualities needed in a primate—the capacity for being energetic without being overbearing, and conciliatory without the surrender of principle, and the power of commanding the confidence of the laity as well as of the clergy. There is one circumstance in his appointment which recalls that of his predecessor, and which is eminently creditable to the minister who is chiefly responsible for it. Mr. Disraeli, in nominating Bishop Tait, who had been a decided Liberal in politics, set an honorable example of subordinating political to religious considerations in ecclesiastical appointments. Mr. Gladstone has, in this instance, shown a similar appreciation of the relative importance of the considerations by which a minister should be guided in Church patronage. Bishop Benson is not only a Conservative, but he had shown the strength of his convictions, only a week or two before the late archbishop's death, by placing his name on the committee for the election of Mr. Raikes as member for the University of Cambridge. His proclaiming his political convictions at such a moment, and his appointment notwithstanding them, reflect equal honor upon himself and the premier.

Such an incident is a good omen alike for the independence of Dr. Benson's own career, and for the future administration of Church patronage.

We cannot thus refer to the appointment of Bishop Benson and of his predecessor, without taking occasion to express an indignant reprobation of the manner in which some confidential observations, by the late Dean of Windsor, on the occasion of Archbishop Tait's nomination have been reported in the third volume of Bishop Wilberforce's life. The dean is represented as having given the bishop an account of the confidential interchange of opinions and suggestions between the queen and her first minister on this delicate and important subject. Bearing in mind at once the habitual reserve of the late dean, and the evident inaccuracy of many of Bishop Wilberforce's reminiscences, we are not at all disposed to rely upon this report. But what we are concerned to protest against, in the strongest manner, is the flagrant impropriety, to use no stronger term, of thus publishing reports of private conversations in which living persons took part, during their lives, and without their consent. In reference to this particular conversation, the offence is aggravated by a further consideration. The queen, whose confidential observations to her prime minister are thus, as the author of the life (however erroneously) supposes, retailed to the world, is precluded by her position from any notice of such misrepresentations. If, by any indiscretion, a person in high place happens to become cognizant of what her Majesty may have said in confidence to a minister, it is the plain duty of any man of honor to respect the private nature of such information. If he indulges himself in the dangerous habit of keeping a diary, and ventures to write down what he believes himself to have heard, it can be only in reliance on a similar sense of delicacy in his family, which would restrain them from publishing such communications after his death. It cannot, however, be surprising that Mr. Reginald Wilberforce has shown no sense of the respectful reserve due to the queen, when we find him regardless of the most ordi-

nary rules of social propriety in his treatment of other persons. He prints, for instance, a statement of a very offensive character, alleged to have been made by Lord Amphill, then Mr. Odo Russell, respecting the conduct of Cardinal Manning to the late pope. It was inconceivable that a person of Lord Amphill's character and experience should ever have made himself responsible for such a statement, even in the freest conversation; and he has within the last few days explained that, as might have been expected, what the bishop has recorded is simply the gossip which he had reported as current in Rome, while the reprobation of it which Lord Amphill expressed at the time has been omitted. But, in any case, nothing could excuse the publication of such a statement during Lord Amphill's life without his consent. It involves him in what amounts to a practical libel on the character of one of the most eminent persons in England. Even if, by an impossible supposition, in some confidential moment a person holding the post Mr. Odo Russell then occupied had made an observation of this kind, it is inconsistent with the cardinal principles of the mutual association of gentlemen that he should be made, as he is by this publication, publicly responsible for it. There are unhappily numerous other instances in which opinions of living persons are expressed by Bishop Wilberforce, which must needs give great pain to themselves and their friends. We must own that it does not seem to us creditable to the judgment or better feeling of the bishop himself, that he should have preserved in writing these uncharitable judgments, and we are astonished that for the sake of his father's own name Mr. Reginald Wilberforce did not suppress them. But what chiefly concerns the public and the literary world is to denounce this publication of offensive remarks respecting living persons, which the author would never have expressed towards them if he had been alive. If Bishop Wilberforce, during his lifetime, in some moment of provocation, had made such observations respecting living prelates as are here republished from his diary, he would certainly have

apologized, or would have been severely and justly rebuked. But it aggravates the offence, because it increases the pain which is inflicted, that such observations should be published after his death, when he can no longer repair the injury. That injury, indeed, is not confined to the living; and there is one imputation made upon the dead, of which we are in a position to expose the injustice, and from which the accuracy of these recollections may be in some measure estimated. A conversation is recorded in which the late Dr. Todd discussed very unkindly the character of the Irish bishops of his day; and the then Bishop of Derry is branded as selling his livings. The occupant of the see of Derry at that time, Bishop Higgin, was a good man who commanded general respect. The scandal to which reference is made concerned one of his predecessors. Common Christian charity ought to have led Mr. Wilberforce, before he published a statement so painful to the late bishop's relations, at least to enquire whether it was not a mistake. But he cannot have done so; and a good bishop's character is thus libelled in his grave by Bishop Wilberforce's inaccuracy and his son's recklessness.\*

We are sorry to have been obliged to interrupt the tenor of our article by a reference to this painful subject. Bishop Benson's appointment seems to have been attended with none of the hesitation which is alleged in this gossip to have preceded the nomination of Archbishop Tait. But, notwithstanding all the advantages with which he enters upon his duties, he will find it tax all his powers to follow at all adequately in his predecessor's steps. The death of the late primate has called forth an expression of admiration, affection, and profound regret, on the part of the Church and nation at large, such as has followed to the grave no other ecclesiastic of our time. Other men, such for instance as Dr. Pusey, may have been more enthusiastically honored, and almost worshipped, by their special followers; but, although respected by other parties, they have not commanded, in a similar degree, the confidence and the homage by which Archbishop Tait was surrounded. His personal characteristics were peculiarly fitted to turn all his acquired powers to the best account, and had much influence in con-

ciliating towards him the universal regard he enjoyed. A gentleman of good Scottish family, he brought to the service of his high office the gracious manners, combined with the prudent reserve, by which his countrymen are often marked. He possessed also another quality in which the Scotch, notwithstanding certain prejudices to the contrary, are eminently privileged, that of dry and genial humor. He always had an eye for the humorous aspect of any situation, and was not only preserved by this capacity from blunders into which, from a lack of it, ecclesiastics are not unwont to fall, but was often enabled to relax the tension of difficult situations with an effect which would have been sought in vain by argument or rebuke. It is a rare quality in any public man of the first rank, and rarest of all in a great ecclesiastic. Few persons in great place, and least of all great prelates, can venture on the humorous aspect of affairs without a dangerous sacrifice of dignity. Their hand is heavy from the very character of their position, and success requires a finer touch than they can command. But Archbishop Tait possessed the art in perfection. Except in the pulpit, he rarely failed to bring it into play; and in Convocation or the House of Lords, no less than in genial speeches at a City entertainment, he would win the good feeling of his audience by some happy turn of humor which would at once establish a human sympathy between himself and ordinary mortals. There is no greater danger, in the management of affairs, than for people to be suffered to become too terribly in earnest when there is no adequate occasion for it; and for an archbishop to be able to avert this danger, at any moment, without the slightest sacrifice of the dignity of his position, is an incalculable advantage. We believe the secret of this rare combination lay in the fact that, strong as was his sense of humor, it was, like all his other faculties, in profound and permanent subordination to the great convictions by which his heart and mind were possessed. His mental and moral constitution was admirably balanced, and all parts of it could be allowed free play without risk of disproportion. With most men the sense of humor is a dangerous power, because it is perpetually breaking loose from control. But with Archbishop Tait there was never any such lapse of self-government, or disturbance of the due proportion of the realities of life. His happi-

\* We think it right to add, in justice to the publisher, that we have reasons for knowing that the most objectionable passages in the volume were inserted in spite of his earnest remonstrances.

ness in this respect was not due to mere natural qualities, but to the rare discipline to which he subjected himself.

He had indeed learned that discipline in a severe school. The affecting introduction which he prefixed to the memoir of his wife and eldest son would alone prove how deeply his character had been moulded by the stern sorrows with which he was visited. If there is often presumption in saying for what purpose such sorrows are sent, there is none in tracing the gracious results which have been produced by due submission to them. The sermons which Dr. Tait preached at Rugby School, and his work as Dean of Carlisle, are, indeed, a striking testimony to the depth of his apprehension of spiritual realities, even in his most successful years, and before he had fully experienced the sobering influences of sorrow. But if there ever had been any danger of his remarkable rise tending to mar the simplicity and depth of his early character, it was effectually averted by the heavy blow which desolated his household at Carlisle. He bore his sorrow with manly resignation; and it cast over his whole future life the solemnizing light of another world. Perhaps, especially when thus borne, it conciliated towards him a degree of sympathy which is often denied to those who rise rapidly to great place in the Church or the State. He was felt to be united with those over whom he presided in the experiences which most closely touch their hearts; and the intense interest aroused by the memoir of his wife and son bore striking witness to the depth of this sympathetic feeling. His wife, indeed, exerted a singularly gracious influence throughout his whole career; and her memory will be forever gratefully associated with the history of his episcopate. But as he ever thus spoke to us as one of ourselves, men gave him the confidence which is only accorded in fulness where there is real fellowship of feeling. There was that in the very mode of his address and the tones of his voice, which created and maintained this confidence. There was a straightforwardness about the one, and a depth and truth about the other, which, again, are rarely found to the same degree in men who have had difficult positions to maintain. Every accent bespoke "gravity, sincerity, sound speech that cannot be condemned," and won its way straight to the heart even of those whose minds were not convinced. These qualities were at the service, as its natural instrument, of a singular clear-

ness and directness of intellect. He did not exhibit, though he may have possessed, the high logical and speculative power characteristic of the Scottish race; but he enjoyed a capacity which, for the purposes of his work, was of far greater value. He discerned at once the central point of any subject; he distinguished, by a kind of instinct, the essential from the secondary circumstances with which he had to deal; and he directed his whole energy to the main object in view. There was a lofty disregard of details and trivialities, in his thought as well as in his action, and there was a certain massiveness in all his utterances, which rendered them far more effective in any thoughtful assembly than the utmost brilliancy of argument or rhetoric. This was partly the secret of his singular influence in the House of Lords — an influence which, for a prelate of modern times, was unequalled. It was felt that whatever he said was sure to go to the heart of the subject, and to be a weighty expression of the main bearings at issue. The same characteristic marks all his writings, and especially his charges. In his two last charges he entered upon the new controversies of the Church of the present and the future, and discussed some of the main issues raised by science and philosophy in our day. Of course, as he said, it was impossible for him to do justice in such addresses to the arguments thus raised; nor did he display, or attempt to display, the dialectical capacity which Bishop Thirlwall could develop, even within such limits. But he succeeded eminently in selecting, with the eye of a great master, the main points of attack and defence; he laid down in broad and solid outline the great principles involved in the Christian faith, and the cardinal realities on which they rest. The same characteristic in dealing with this subject marked his earlier work on "The Dangers and Safeguards of Modern Theology," and gave weight to his brief and practical addresses in the chapel of Rugby School. We trust that his charges, which we have enumerated at the head of this article, will be edited with a few notes to explain their allusions. They are full of practical wisdom and deep Christian experience; and the two last, in which he treated of the special dangers of our time, might well serve as a manual for the clergy, and especially for the younger clergy, as to the spirit and the general method in which they should deal with the characteristic difficulties of our day.

But all these capacities, great and rare as they are, do not of themselves account for the extraordinary homage which he commanded during the latter years of his life, and which was so signally exhibited at his death. They are qualities which would have given strength and graciousness to his career in any position; but it was to the unique character which, by means of them, he threw over the primacy, that the great place is due which he filled, and which his memory must always fill, among the prelates of the English Church. By common consent, not excluding that of the narrow clique who alone expressed any hostile feelings towards him, he asserted the influence and the dignity of the great office with which he was entrusted, with a success which few of his predecessors, and none of his immediate predecessors, had attained. They had, indeed, all been men of beautiful personal character, of mild wisdom, and of laborious devotion to their duties. But Archbishop Tait added to all these excellences, by a touch like that of genius, something which at once raised the office to a higher point of influence. He was felt not merely to be the official head of the Church, but to be the true representative of the Church to the nation at large. He was a leader as well as a ruler; and the Church in his person exerted an influence which awakened a friendly response from every class of his countrymen, whether members of its communion or not. He was not merely a living power himself; he made his office a living power, and animated it with a new spirit. What was the secret of this remarkable achievement? It must be a matter of the deepest interest at the moment when the office is passing into new hands, and when, moreover, as we have said, a new era seems commencing in the history of our Church, to appreciate, so far as may be possible, the secret of so striking and influential a career. That which has been once may be again, and that which has been so well begun may be continued. That there were one or two weak points even in Archbishop's Tait's great primacy, few even of his warmest admirers will deny. But they were insignificant in comparison with his great excellences, and they cannot be duly estimated except in subordination to the main principles and achievements of his career.

He commenced his primacy with one advantage which his successor does not enjoy, and which must needs be a rare privilege. He had been almost a primate

in the post from which he was translated, and had thus, in some sense, had twelve years' apprenticeship to the higher office. During the last six years of Archbishop Sumner's life and the six of Archbishop Longley's primacy, Bishop Tait, in the see of London, could not but command a leading position in the southern episcopate. But, besides this, with the conscious strength of a strong man, and with the eye for great opportunities which characterized him, he from the first recognized that a Bishop of London was at the head of the greatest see in the world, and he endeavored at once to rise to the height of this great and representative position. At the opening of his first charge in 1858, after a few personal references, he at once struck the keynote of his whole episcopal career. He called upon his clergy to reflect "how much the cause of our National Church, and, with the Church, of true Christianity in this great empire," depended upon the due use of their opportunities. To this thought he constantly recurred. Thus his second charge, delivered in 1862, opens with a description of the Church of England, which deserves quotation as a summary of the aspects in which he loved to regard it. He said:—

Our Church—an established Church in close connection with the State—a true portion of the Catholic Church of Christ, holding fast by His unchanging, everlasting Gospel, connecting itself through the hallowed associations of 1800 years with Christ's saints of all ages and countries, up to the Apostles; clinging to the oldest forms of worship and of government, and yet protesting against errors with which, for centuries before the Reformation, the Church was clouded—has, committed to it by God, in the middle of this nineteenth century, in an inquisitive and restless age, the difficult task of gathering together, fostering, developing, restraining, and guiding, the Christian feelings and thoughts, and energetic life of many millions of intelligent Englishmen, impatient both of political and still more of ecclesiastical control; and that not in these densely peopled islands only, but in colonies spread over the habitable globe. (Page 5.)

A still more striking passage in the opening of his third and final charge as Bishop of London, shows how his appreciation of this position had grown upon his thoughts. "Our scrutiny," he says (p. 2), "reaches to this:—

How far is the National Church of England, and especially the Church of this Diocese, fulfilling the work which Christ has committed to it, and how are we each of us fulfilling our own part? The National Church and the

Church of this Diocese—for, indeed, it is as difficult to separate the two as it is to separate the diocese from its particular parishes, and the parishes from those who minister in them. London, above all other dioceses, must be indissolubly connected with the whole National Church. We do not ignore those powerful elements of the softening influences of country life, not found among ourselves; nor the effect of the position, so different from ours, in which the country Clergy stand to their flocks; nor the vast power of University life, moulding the thoughts of our rising youth. But still London is the centre: to London flows yearly, in a steady tide, a large body of persons of all classes from every county: from London the stream of influence, however unobserved, sets in irresistibly, through newspapers, books, letters, the converse of friends, to hall, parsonage, farmhouse, and cottage, in the remotest country districts. If we in London are faithless, all England suffers. If London could but become the really Christian centre of the nation, how would our national Christianity grow!

These are the animating exhortations of a man who is already sensible that he holds a position of command at the very heart of the National Church, with immense powers of influencing, by means of that Church, the whole life of the nation. This was the noble conception which he set himself to develop while Bishop of London; and consequently, when he passed on to Canterbury, he had but to apply, with the greater resources of his new position, the principles and the method he had already mastered. In his administration of the diocese of London he had, indeed, been brought into contact with the chief difficulties by which he was afterwards confronted, and the range of the subjects which he treats in his three London charges is very remarkable. The first was delivered ten years before the Church-rate controversy was settled by Mr. Gladstone's compulsory bill of 1868, and two years before "Essays and Reviews" was published. Yet the germ of the struggles of the subsequent twenty-five years is plainly recognized. Ritualism, indeed, was still in its infancy in 1858. The bishop introduces his observations upon it by gently "pointing out that some amongst us do harm by carrying their love of the externals of worship to an extreme," and he "verily believes that in this diocese the number of persons who for such matters of ceremonial would disobey the regularly expressed injunction of a regularly constituted authority is very small."<sup>5</sup> But the revival of confession, as exemplified by Mr. Poole's practices at St. Barnabas', had occasioned

grievous offence, and the bishop bestowed a considerable part of his charge in reprehending the practice. On the other side, he recognized the danger that "students in our Universities, wearied of the dogmatism which ruled unchecked there some years ago, are very apt now to regard every maxim of theology or philosophy as an open question." Those were the two dangers between which, ever since that time, the rulers of the Church have had to steer, and they have, beyond question, increased in intensity up to the present hour. One other subject of Bishop Tait's first charge must be mentioned, as pointing to an eminent characteristic of his whole career. He recommends with especial urgency the Diocesan Home Mission, which had been established for the purpose, as it were, of breaking ground among the ignorant and degraded masses of some of the overgrown parishes of his diocese. His episcopate is synchronous with more than one movement for appealing, in a manner the Church had never before done, to the people at large. He himself set an example which was then very rare indeed, if not unheard of among bishops, by preaching in omnibus-yards and similar places. Mission services were established in Exeter Hall; and when they were prohibited by the exercise, on the part of the incumbent of the parish, of an obsolete power of forbidding religious services of which he disapproved, a bill was brought into the House of Lords, and actually passed that assembly, to give bishops the power of sanctioning the introduction of missionary services into parishes where they were needed. It was unfortunately lost in the Commons; but it was for lack of some similar power that Wesleyanism could not find a place within the Church of England, and sooner or later it must in some way be afforded. About the same time the evening sermons in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey were instituted, and those two great churches began to exert over the people of London their legitimate influence. Where he did not originate these movements, Bishop Tait gave them the whole impulse of his energetic and authoritative support; and great as had been the work accomplished by his predecessor, Bishop Blomfield, a new life and a larger range were bestowed upon it by his own generous views and his indefatigable exertions.

We cannot refer, even in this cursory manner, to his London episcopate, without specially recalling the remarkable enterprise he set on foot in the Bishop of

London's Fund. In June, 1863, he addressed to the laity of the diocese of London a letter on the spiritual wants of the metropolis and its suburbs. He had previously called in his own house a private meeting of owners of property and employers of labor in London, with other persons interested in the welfare of the metropolis, and had laid before them the grievous deficiency of the means of spiritual instruction and care under which this vast city suffered. It was granted, he said, on all hands, that the population increased at the rate of forty thousand a year, and that, great as were the exertions which had of late been made, both by societies and individuals, their utmost efforts had not hitherto been able to do more than supply the additional means of grace required to meet this increase; so that the original evil, of a vast population inadequately cared for, remained much as it was when Bishop Blomfield began his labors. He therefore proposed that a fund should be raised to meet the spiritual wants of the diocese; that a very large body of persons, clergy and laity, should be formed into a board to co-operate with him as bishop, and that out of this board an executive committee should be elected to represent the different interests with which they would have to deal, the business of the fund being as much as possible managed by laymen. What he ventured to claim at once was, that he should be put in a position to send a hundred new clergy into overcrowded parishes; that these should be aided by a hundred Scripture-readers; and that new churches should be built and endowed at once in such of our largest parishes as, being quite overgrown, called for immediate subdivision. In making this bold appeal he had been, we believe, stimulated even beyond his original intention by the earnest response with which his suggestion was met in the meeting he had summoned; and he asked for no less than a million to be raised within ten years. That he could put forward such an appeal with so much good reason to expect support, and that this support should have been given him in such ample measure, is the best proof of the unbounded confidence which his seven years' administration of the diocese had secured. People would have hesitated to give money on this scale, to form what was really a new institution, unless they had been thoroughly satisfied that a wise as well as charitable use would be made of their contributions.

Party feeling in the Church was running high at the time; the judgment in the case of "Essays and Reviews" having been delivered in the preceding year, and the rise of Ritualism attracting increased hostility. But there was thorough confidence in Bishop Tait's impartiality in practical administration, and the current disputes exerted no injurious influence whatever upon the liberality of the diocese at large. In his charge of 1866, which was the last he delivered as Bishop of London, he was able to state the work directly accomplished by the Bishop of London's Fund during the first three years of its operation, in round numbers, as follows: "273,000*l.* promised, of which 183,790*l.* has been paid; one hundred and six additional clergymen added to the staff of the diocese, with seventy paid lay assistants; twenty-nine mission stations secured; besides sixteen rooms rented. Votes have been passed to assist the building of forty-six permanent churches, twenty-three schools, nine parsonages, and for twenty sites of churches, twenty-one sites of schools, and thirteen of parsonages." But in this, as in all such instances, it is to be remembered that the indirect efforts evoked are even more valuable than the direct. The latter indeed, large as they were, constituted but a secondary part of the energy and liberality which Bishop Tait called forth. At that time he had returns to show that during the four years since his previous visitation in 1862, independently of what had been done by the Bishop of London's Fund, no less a sum than 853,000*l.* had been contributed in the diocese by benevolent individuals and societies for building churches and schools, and paying curates and Scripture-readers, while 530,000*l.* of capital had been expended by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in endowments and in otherwise satisfying local claims.

It is true, as the bishop admitted in this charge, that the real progress of the work of Christ in the diocese was not to be estimated by money; but that within four years a sum of more than a million and a half should thus have been raised for Church purposes under the bishop's guidance and encouragement is conclusive testimony to the immense influence he exerted and the invaluable work he accomplished. Even then he estimated that, before the spiritual needs of London were adequately met, there was need of three hundred and twenty-five new clergy, with a proportionate staff of Scripture-

readers, and one hundred and ninety-four new churches; and we fear the fund has somewhat languished since that time. But it will remain among the most honorable and enduring monuments of Bishop Tait's administration of the see that he appreciated the need, that he was able to arouse the consciences of both laity and clergy to recognize it, and that he succeeded in accomplishing a very great alleviation of it. He made himself felt, in short, during his episcopate, as the vigorous and successful leader of the forces of the Church, alike in the endeavor to bring the masses of the people under the influence of the gospel, and in strengthening the hold of the Christian faith on those who were more formally under its sway. Bishops may often render extremely valuable service to the Church in the more quiet duties of controlling and moderating the various influences within their diocese; and sufficient honor is rarely paid to the ruler who is content to govern with wisdom and in silence. But a bishop who, to this indispensable function, can add the work of actively inspiring and leading the energies of the clergy and laity under his care, discharges a still higher office. It was the singular combination of the two capacities, of wisdom in governing and energy in leading, which rendered Bishop Tait's administration of the diocese of London so memorable.

When he was transferred to the primacy, his opportunities for active leadership were more restricted, and the greater demand was made upon his qualities as a governor and moderator. But even here he combined both capacities in a remarkable degree; and the spirit in which he discharged the duties of the higher office was the same which had animated him as Bishop of London. He brought to the work of the primacy the same sense of the immense opportunities of the Church of England, with their correspondent responsibilities, the same appreciation of the paramount necessity of the energetic exercise of all its powers and capacities, if it was to justify its existence and to meet the needs of the day, and the same appreciation of the two errors through which it had to steer. All his charges, whether as primate or as Bishop of London, turn upon these three considerations—the active work required of the Church in upholding in the nation at large the great central truths of the gospel, the danger of allowing these truths to be obscured, and the confidence of the nation forfeited, by the undue prevalence

of rationalism on the one hand, or of Ritualism on the other. A just view of his primacy will take into account the course he pursued in respect to each of these considerations, and the proportion which they held in his mind. The course of recent controversy has given undue prominence to his action in promoting the Public Worship Regulation Act of 1874; but this was only an episode in his great and consistent career, and cannot be duly understood without reference to its whole tenor. There are, in particular, two points, conspicuous in his episcopal career throughout, in connection with which that episode must be judged. The first is that the subject which, from first to last, occasioned his main anxiety was not the excess of Ritualism, but the more insidious growth of rationalism. Nothing could be more unjust to him, or could misrepresent the main principles of his conduct more completely, than to regard him as in any special manner opposed to the Ritualists. A perusal of his charges will show that he never regarded Ritualism, and the superstitious tendency it represents, as the chief danger of the Church. He expressed more than once his view, that it was the natural reaction called forth, in a certain class of minds, by the menacing prevalence of sceptical and rationalistic tendencies. The great central realities of the gospel seemed for the time to have become obscured; the true position of the Church, lying in the mean between credulity and scepticism, had been discredited, strange to say, by the very school which began by making the *via media* its glory; and the consequence was that numerous minds were repelled, in opposite directions, to two antagonistic extremes. But Archbishop Tait was never afraid lest tendencies towards superstition and Roman Catholicism should become permanently dangerous within the Church of England. He expressed his conviction, in his charge as primate in 1876, that

The people of this country have no love for popery. They have no love for anything that approaches to popery. With many of them this may be an unsuspected sentiment, but it is the echo of great truths which have been proclaimed in the history of the country. They know that the greatness of England is indissolubly united with its love of the Reformation. They know that those were dark times in our history when there was a fear of our swerving from the principles of the Reformation. They may, I say, be uninstructed in their zeal in this matter, but their zeal and their determination is unchanged, and not

likely to be changed. I do not think there is the slightest danger of this country ever becoming Roman Catholic. I do not think there is the slightest danger of this country ever adopting a semi-Romanism. (Page 56.)

His view of the real relation of the dangers by which the Church is menaced was expressed succinctly at the commencement of his charge as Bishop of London in 1866 (p. 4). "There has been," he said, "a great and no doubt reasonable fear of rationalism; and certain persons, whose errors are of a totally different cast, have availed themselves of this widespread alarm to work with a vigor unknown for many years in the revival of an imitation of the imperfect Churchmanship of the Middle Ages." It was thus, according to his judgment, in rationalism that Ritualism found its opportunity. The hopes which the early Tractarians had built upon the effect of an appeal to the primitive Church, in checking the inroads of the negative criticism of Germany, had been in great measure disappointed; and their later followers, headed by Dr. Pusey, extended their conceptions of the Church to which their appeal was to be made, until it became indistinguishable from the mediæval Church of Rome. The true remedy, in Bishop Tait's view, was to be found in attacking rationalism and scepticism directly, by enforcing in all their depth and strength the great spiritual realities of the gospel message. Accordingly, in his successive charges he addressed himself with increasing earnestness to combat the rationalistic tendencies at work among the clergy as well as among the laity, until in his final charge, delivered in 1880, this subject seemed almost to engross his thoughts. In those last words already referred to, published last October, he reiterated this conviction. "A question," he said, "remains, before which all minor matters shrivel into insignificance — the age has become sceptical." His charge of 1880 considered the Church of the Future in its conflict with the Atheist, its conflict with the Deist, and its conflict with the Rationalist; and the view he took of the gravity of these several conflicts deserves particular attention. He indicated the general character of the arguments with which each of these foes must be encountered; but he formed a very different estimate of the relative dangers to be apprehended from them. He set forth the grounds for his expectation that his countrymen would not, in the coming age, give themselves up either to an atheistical or to a simply

deistical philosophy. But he asked (p. 91) whether we are "equally secured against a meagre, sublimated Christianity, such as St. Paul certainly would not have recognized as the Gospel which saved his soul, and to which he devoted his life?" His anxieties on this point are clearly expressed in the following passage from the same charge (p. 89): —

There is, I hold, real ground to fear lest the tendencies of this age result in the prevalence of a lax view of Christian doctrine and teaching, in many respects unlike anything with which our country has in former times been familiar. Presenting itself under the guise of an improved and more rational Christianity, speaking with the greatest respect of the Lord Jesus Christ and his apostles, professing to regard them as great benefactors of the human race, and even admitting that the historical Christ is in some sense a wonderful manifestation of God brought near to man, it virtually substitutes a new in the place of the old genuine Gospel. The old Unitarianism had something in it akin to this system, and some modern Unitarians seem to have adopted it. We do not deny that its promoters have high aims, a zeal for the pure morality of the Gospel, and many lofty aspirations after holiness and intercourse with God. But, convinced as I am that there is something very hollow in it, I cannot look on without great alarm, if it be true that attempts are made to present our children and young people with this substitute for the real Gospel. Should it prevail, I fear we must bid farewell to a true conception of human nature and the hatefulness of sin, and lose the most powerful motives which can guide human life, and be content to sink to views of Christian duty and the elevation of the Christian character, very different from those which animated the Apostles.

In short, in one striking passage in his charge of 1866, he expresses a simultaneous and equally severe condemnation of the schools represented by Dr. Pusey on the one side, and by Professor Jowett on the other. It was, in his judgment, the plain tendency of the teaching of the one school to represent Christianity as a human philosophy; of the other, as a superstition. He would not say that the leaders of the two schools meant this, or were conscious of it; but he trembled for the consequences of either system fairly developed. In view of such perverseness on either side, he reasserted the indignant repudiation of non-natural interpretations of the Articles by which he first became publicly known, when he remonstrated, as one of the four tutors, against Tract XC. He objected equally to Dr. Pusey's republication of that Tract, and to Mr. Wilson's theory in justification of his

peculiar interpretation of the Articles. "Give up," he exclaimed, "the Articles altogether, if you will, but do not insult our understandings by professing to accept, and yet altogether subverting them" (p. 50).

Such was the point of view from which the late archbishop consistently regarded, throughout his episcopal career, the Ritualistic movement on the one side, and the rationalistic on the other. Of the two he had far more apprehension of danger from the latter than from the former, and against it he directed his most earnest and most continuous efforts. It must further be borne in mind, in order to understand the course he felt driven to adopt, that nothing was at any time more contrary to his disposition than a resort to measures of legal compulsion for the purpose of upholding orthodox principles. Again and again in his charges he expresses his conviction that such measures are rarely, in the present day, of any avail. Thus in his charge of 1862 he used the following characteristic language on the subject (p. 20):—

And here I will remark that I do not look much to legal prosecutions and the courts of the Church's judicature for the preservation of orthodoxy in our clergy. The Church of England is wisely jealous of such prosecutions. The precedents for their management and effects are found sparingly in our annals; and this, not I suppose because we have been more free than other nations from dangerous opinions—for each generation has had its own peculiar bias of error—but rather because the authorities of our Church, under the leading of its best divines, have ever deemed it wise not to spread the influence of unsound teaching amongst a generous people, by any the remotest semblance of persecution; and have rather sought ever to overcome the danger of heresy by the manifestation of superior learning and acuteness and a truer Christian spirit, than to prop up truth by the terrors of the law. It is not to courts of justice that we are indebted for our having been brought safe through the Arianism of the last or the Romanizing teaching of the present century. A wise son of the Church of England will be very jealous of every sort of prosecution for opinion, unless demanded by some overwhelming and inevitable necessity.

These sentiments were expressed in reference to the anxiety caused by "Essays and Reviews;" but in his next charge, delivered in 1866, Bishop Tait expressed a similar view of the course it was desirable to adopt, as long as it was possible, with the Ritualists. "It is," he said, "with inventors of such ceremonies

as with teachers of unsound doctrine; certainly the best arguments to use with them are not to threaten penalties and endeavor to overwhelm by force (for in this sense, all Church of England men are Protestants, being jealous, and rightly, of preserving their individual liberty), but to reason, to remonstrate, to appeal to their consciences, and to the love they bear their Church" (p. 20). He intimated, indeed, that the bishops "would certainly not fail in their further duty where the law is clear, if all kindly remedies are in vain." But such was the generous spirit by which he was actuated in reference to both the current controversies of his time. In fact, one of the leading elements in his conception of the Church of England was to render it as comprehensive as possible. He recognized that there must be limits to this comprehensiveness; but of the two risks—that of making them too wide or too narrow, he unhesitatingly preferred the former. The assertion of this principle as characteristic of the Church of England is of constant recurrence in his charges. We have already referred to his decided denunciation of the schools of thought represented by Professor Jowett on one side, and the late Professor Pusey on the other. But in the same passage in which this denunciation is expressed, he declares at the same time his conviction, that it is better for the Church that both of those distinguished men should continue to find shelter within her pale. Probably, he thought, "no other Church on earth could have retained them both;" but he did not hesitate to say that, on the whole, it was well we had retained them, trusting that "the great power they possess to spread among us what I feel to be erroneous doctrines may be counteracted by other influences, and even by the practical lessons of their own lives" (p. 49).

The largeness of his views on this subject were, however, best expounded in his charge as primate in 1872. He there discussed what he described (p. 46) as "the general rule which those who administer the law of the Church of England in such matters seem to have laid down for themselves during the last twenty or twenty-five years, to guide them in their decisions." He started from the consideration, which was ever predominant in his mind on this question, as on all others connected with the Church, that the Church of England is intended to be a National Church. "It is a Catholic Church, embracing in its teaching all the great Cath-

olic truths which have been witnessed to since the days of the Apostles. It is also a National Church, including persons of very various minds, according to their various circumstances, and the various education and training which they have received" (p. 47). He pointed out that, at the time of the Reformation, the problem which devolved upon our great prelates and statesmen was to construct a system which should embrace, as far as possible, the whole English nation. If a similar problem presents great difficulty now, it must have been still more difficult then, when the traditions of so many centuries were at variance with the truths which had just been proclaimed afresh to the world. "Those, therefore, who had to conduct that most difficult experiment, were bound to make the limits of their Church as wide as might be, in order, if possible, to embrace the whole English people." They were therefore justly anxious not to magnify into a matter of primary importance anything on which it was reasonable that freedom of opinion should be allowed. In his view this was no mark of failure or insincerity in the leaders of the Church, but was in full accordance with principles which had come down to them from the time of the Apostles. But if this was the large and tolerant principle on which the Church of England had based its national claims at the Reformation, a liberal administration of the law must certainly be in harmony with its traditional character. Accordingly he proceeded to show how each of the three parties in the Church had in turn, of late years, received the benefit of this rule of interpretation. First, by the decision in the Gorham case, the place of the Evangelical party within the Church was assured. Then in the case of "Essays and Reviews," a similar liberty was accorded to the Broad Church party. By the precedent of these two examples, the archbishop then proceeded to vindicate a more recent decision, the importance of which has been forgotten, or purposely kept out of sight, amidst recent discussions. We refer to the decision in the Bennett case. By that decision a precisely similar liberty was accorded to the high sacramental party to that which had been already granted to the Low Church and the Broad Church parties. The doctrines of Mr. Bennett were not, indeed, declared to be the doctrines of the Church of England, any more than the doctrines of "Essays and Reviews" or of Mr. Gorham could be regarded as receiving

any such sanction. But it was decided that a man might use the language to which Mr. Bennett finally adhered, just as he might use the language of Mr. Gorham or Mr. Wilson, without forfeiting his place in the Church of England, and his right to teach with authority.

Now it is of the first importance that these facts, especially as thus urged by Archbishop Tait in 1872, should be borne in mind in judging of his subsequent conduct, and of the present state of the Ritualistic question. They show that there is not, and has not been for the last ten years, any doubt of the fair toleration of Ritualistic doctrine on the subject of the sacraments within the Church of England; and moreover, that the late archbishop was the last man who would have restricted this liberty. The Ritualists are wont to represent themselves as having been treated with less toleration than the other two parties in the Church. But it is indisputable, in view of the facts now stated, that in respect to the cardinal point in the position of each of the three parties — that of their distinctive views of certain doctrines — which is the only one in respect to which they have all come before the courts of law, they have been treated with perfect equality. In each case, perhaps, some strain had to be put upon the formularies, and the most favorable interpretation possible had to be placed upon the language inculcated. But the principle of toleration in this respect has been carried out to the full, and as teachers of high sacramental doctrine, the Ritualists have as secure a place in the Church as the Evangelicals. But such being the position of the Ritualists, and such the generous and comprehensive spirit of Archbishop Tait, what was it which provoked the Public Worship Regulation Act of 1874, and led him to adopt a course so contrary to his natural disposition? He has himself given the answer in his charge of 1876. He described (p. 45) how, in the year 1874, the alarm which had prevailed for some time throughout the country on the subject of the Romanizing practices of the Ritualists seemed to have reached a climax. It was apprehended, as he says, that a gradual change was being wrought in our whole theory and practice, and that we were quietly drifting back to the state of things which had existed in the unreformed Church. Whether justified or not, the alarm was felt, and was creating a deep and widespread distrust in the Established Church, as no longer true to the principles of the

Reformation. Under the pressure of this distrust, suits which challenged the characteristic ceremonial practices of the Ritualists were at great cost, and after long delay, pushed to a final decision; and it was hoped there would be an end of unauthorized changes. But at this point there arose an entirely new element in the case, and a new phenomenon in the Church of England. The law thus authoritatively declared was defied, the admonitions of the bishops and the decisions of the courts of law were equally set at nought, and it appeared as though no power existed to restrain innovations, however extravagant. "You cannot be surprised," said the archbishop (p. 62), "that this state of things was felt to be unendurable, and that the authorities of the Church, after long forbearance, and with an earnest desire to treat every one with the utmost amount of tenderness, at last resolved that some process must be found by which, when the law was once decided, the decision should be obeyed. Hence the introduction of the Public Worship Regulation Bill of 1874."

If these facts are borne in mind, it must, we think, be acknowledged that, whatever other faults may be found with the Public Worship Regulation Act, it was in no sense animated by the purpose, at least so far as the archbishop was concerned, of diminishing the comprehensiveness of the Church of England. So far as the essential point of doctrine was concerned, the Ritualists, we repeat, were already secure within any reasonable limits. All that was required of them was that they should obey the authoritative interpretation of the law, in points of ceremony confessedly not essential to the validity of the sacrament, nor necessary to the inculcation of their doctrines. The question raised, in short, for the first time in the history of the Church of England, was between obedience to law in non-essential points, or complete anarchy. The Public Worship Act was not an attempt to alter the existing standards of doctrine or practice, or to narrow existing liberty in any single respect, but simply to render it more practicable to enforce the law as it existed. The sole object was to render it no longer necessary for every suit to go through the tedious process required under the Church Discipline Act; and to provide a summary procedure in cases where the law had been decided, and the facts were plain. The Ritualists, alone among English Churchmen, claimed to hold their position in the Church while

repudiating all constituted authority within it; and the authorities did but accept the challenge with which they were thus defied. The decisive majorities in both Houses of Parliament, by which the measure was supported, at least afford a decisive proof that the archbishop was not mistaken in his estimate of the alarm and indignation which prevailed, and of the necessity for taking some steps to allay the increasing distrust. The Church was certainly passing through a dangerous crisis, and it was natural that the remedy should be sought, not in altering the law, but in reinforcing its authority.

The motives, therefore, of the archbishop in promoting this memorable measure are unimpeachable, and are as far as possible removed from the narrow prejudices with which the Ritualists reproached him. Nevertheless, it must, we fear, be admitted that, as a matter of policy, the bill was an error. In the first place, there can be no question that it has proved practically ineffectual for the main object on which the archbishop dwelt in his charge of 1876. As he himself admitted in 1880, the hope has been disappointed, that a ready and inexpensive method of applying the law of the Church, when once determined, had been secured. "Experience," he said (p. 22), "has proved that no precautions can prevent an undue expenditure both of time and money, when excited partisans are determined to call to their aid the first lawyers of the day, and contest every inch of ground." He expressed, indeed, the opinion that the act had practically had the effect of discouraging incessant and unauthorized innovations; but, even if this be the case, we have evidence every day that it has not repressed the very disobedience against which it was directed. This comparative failure is, no doubt, due in great measure to the perverse and gratuitous disregard of ancient ecclesiastical forms which was shown in putting it into operation, and in some measure, we venture to think, from the hesitation with which it has been applied. But apart from all secondary errors, the act had one essential fault as a measure of policy. It raised a new issue; and thus gave the Ritualists a new opportunity, and a more plausible ground, for maintaining their disobedience. However they might be technically refuted, they were enabled to plead, with sufficient force for popular purposes, that a new court had been created with the intention of crushing them, and that they were required to obey a new authority to

which they had not engaged their allegiance. While, moreover, the act thus gave them a new basis for resistance, it in no way met the inherent difficulty of the case, which was their repudiation, not of one law or one court, but of the ultimate jurisdiction on which the whole established law of the Church rests. As they were driven from point to point, they at length avowedly repudiated the authority of the Court of Appeal itself. This was the claim which it was ultimately necessary to meet, as it remains the one claim which it is necessary to encounter now. A wiser course, it may now be admitted, would have been to find some other means of allaying the anxiety and indignation prevalent in 1874, to have made, perhaps, a personal appeal to the Church at large for confidence and patience, and then to have relied on the steady, if slow, pressure of the existing law to enforce obedience within reasonable limits.

The course which the archbishop adopted on his deathbed, with respect to Mr. Mackonochie, has been not unreasonably understood as indicating that he was himself inclined to view the matter in this light, and that with his characteristic straightforwardness, he was ready to acknowledge and repair his mistake. The interpretation, indeed, which has been placed upon his action by the advocates of the Ritualists is a bad return for his generosity, and if it were generally accepted would be more likely than anything else to defeat its object. It has been interpreted as a complete surrender to the Ritualists of all for which they have been contending. No such construction can, with any reasonableness, be placed upon it. As the archbishop himself expressly stated, it was dictated by an anxiety "that the result of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Courts should, by the blessing of Almighty God, be such as to allay disquiet, and, by meeting any reasonable objections to existing procedure, to set men's minds free for the pressing duties which devolve upon the Church in the face of prevailing sin and unbelief." In other words, as he has been more justly interpreted by others, he desired a truce until the whole question of ecclesiastical procedure could be reconsidered, and perhaps the questions of law reargued which had been decided by the old courts. But it must not be forgotten, and we earnestly trust the new primate will not fail to bear in mind, that there are other persons and parties to be considered in this matter besides the Ritualists. Neither the Evan-

gelical party, nor the strong Protestant feeling which exists among a large proportion of the laity of all parties, can either with justice or safety be disregarded; and a compromise is the utmost that can reasonably be expected of them on this subject. There are, as it seems to us, points on which such a compromise might be possible. If, for instance, the rubrics of the Church were now for the first time being drawn up, the practice of mixing water with the sacramental wine could not reasonably be prohibited. From the earliest account preserved to us of the administration of the sacraments in the early Church — that of St. Justin Martyr — we know that this custom prevailed at the middle of the second century. No one contends that either the use or the omission of the water is essential to the validity of the sacrament; and in matters in themselves indifferent, customs ought, as far as possible, to be allowed, which are sanctioned by such early authority. It is more doubtful whether, as has been often suggested, some distinction could be drawn between town and country parishes, on the ground that a degree of liberty might, without injustice to the parishioners, be allowed in the former which would be unreasonable in the latter. It is, indeed, true that in London scarcely any parishioner is under the necessity of attending his parish Church from a lack of other accessible places of worship. He can find, without much difficulty, ministrations congenial to him, whatever may be his predilections. In the country, on the other hand, it is a great hardship that a congregation, with strong predilections in either direction, should be liable at any moment to have a service forced on them which directly affronts their feelings. To meet the ordinary necessities of the Church, it would be desirable that a moderate degree of ritual should be established which should be practically uniform, and it is difficult to see how exceptions from such a ritual could be legally provided for.

There will remain, moreover, when all is said and done, the difficulty on which the Ritualists have so passionately insisted, as to the authority of the so-called State Courts. The unfortunate legislation of the Public Worship Act may be modified; but nothing can alter the fact, that in the last resort a State Court of some kind or other, whether the Queen in Council or the Queen in Chancery, must be supreme. If the Church of England were disestablished, this difficulty would

still remain; and no device can evade it. All that can be hoped is that by some modification of the forms of procedure, such as the archbishop seems to have had in view, and by due guarantees for the authorities of the Church being consulted, the Ritualists, or most of them, may be induced to recognize that they suffer no practical injustice in this respect. But it would be a grievous mistake, far more serious than any yet committed, if it were to be understood that by some means or other the pretensions of the Ritualists were to be unreservedly admitted. The new archbishop will perhaps be able to appeal to them, on one ground, with more force than the late primate succeeded in exerting. Some members of the High Church school had a feeling about Archbishop Tait which recalls Addison's humorous account of the Tory foxhunter's appreciation of the sound Churchmanship of the neighboring shire. "For," said he, "there is scarce a Presbyterian in the whole county, except the bishop." The orthodoxy of Bishop Benson's Churchmanship is unquestioned; and perhaps he may succeed in asking the Ritualists to consider whether they can reasonably force on the Church of England, at the risk of schism, ceremonies and vestments which no Churchman since the Reformation, however high his doctrines, has ever used or attempted to use. One would think that the ceremonies which satisfied Laud, Andrews, and Cosin, might be sufficient, even for Mr. Mackonochie; and it is possible that this view of the case may have especial weight, when urged by a primate of Bishop Benson's antecedents. For our part, it is in the name of the old High Church party that we have ever opposed the Ritualists. It is for the sake of the distinctive principles for which that party was, and is, jealous, that we protested recently against the course taken by Dr. Pusey in the latter part of his life; and for the same reason, while willing, for the sake of peace, to see some compromise effected, we feel bound to repel the ungenerous advantage which has been taken of the late archbishop's touching anxiety to leave behind him a truce in the present contentions. The matter will need the utmost care and consideration for all parties, if it is to be satisfactorily adjusted; and an attempt on the part of the Ritualists to boast of a triumph over those who, in the exercise of their full rights, have conscientiously resisted them, would be the most likely of all means to exasperate the quarrel afresh.

But these controversies and contests, loud and distracting as they were, occupied, after all, but a very subordinate place in the large sphere of Archbishop Tait's primacy. It was not his fault, but that of the perversity and self-will of the Ritualists, that his attention was in any degree diverted from worthier objects; and the manner in which they have wasted the energies of men like Archbishop Tait during the last twenty years, for the sake of asserting their private fancies in points of wholly secondary importance, will leave on them a stamp of lasting discredit in the history of the Church of England. There is no more striking evidence of the largeness and elevation of his mind, than the way in which he always rose above these passing controversies, and kept his eye fixed on the essential work of the Church, and on its supreme mission. It was the grandeur and comprehensiveness of the view he took of this mission, which constituted his characteristic greatness as a primate, and commanded the trust and homage alike of the Church at large and of the nation. The idea which was ever prominent in his mind was the national character of the Church and its national duties. In employing this language, he indulged none of the vague dreams by which some Broad Churchmen are misled, of a practical identification of the State and the Church; and the charge of Erastian tendencies which some High Churchmen have not been ashamed to bring against him, even since his death, is totally unfounded. In his charges he expressed in the clearest manner his conception of the Church as an independent institution, deriving its vitality from its Divine Head, and in no way dependent on the nation either in respect of its essential functions or of its permanent existence. That it is established is but an accident of its position — a most beneficent accident, but still an accident and in no way essential to its life. Thus in his charge of 1862 he said (p. 33): "Our commission as a Church comes direct from Christ's delegation, and we trust to his promise for a never-ending stability. As an established Church, on the other hand, we may be overthrown, and our security must greatly depend on our being thus rooted in the heart of the nation in which God's providence has established us, and bound up with what the nation acknowledges to be its best interests." There was always, even in the days when it was propounded, something artificial and unreal in Hooker's theory of the

Church and the nation being the same community in different aspects; and it is in the present day flagrantly inconsistent with facts. It was Archbishop Tait's merit to look facts in the face; and he fully realized that the Church of England was an institution within the nation, distinct from it, though most intimately bound up with it, and charged with a great mission to it. The plain question, therefore, on which its existence as an establishment depended, was whether the privileges and opportunities which it enjoys in that capacity are for the good of the nation as a whole. As an established Church, he recognized that it stood in precisely the same position as every other institution, and could only be maintained so long as the people at large were sensible of the value of a Church invested with such duties and opportunities. This view of the position of the Church is most clearly stated in that part of his charge of 1862, from which we have already quoted. He there says (p. 32):—

No doubt it is a peculiar difficulty of this century, not perhaps in our country alone, that an established Church has never before been maintained in the midst of an unbounded toleration of all communities that differ from it, with most perfect religious as well as civil liberty. I should feel alarmed as to the stability of our established system, if I did not believe that we are, and are likely to continue, a truly National Church, commanding the affections of the nation, and representing on the whole the nation's Faith. The days when a dominant Church amongst us could look for the support of any extraneous helps derived from some lingering remnants of the spirit of persecution, are happily forever gone. We stand on the merits of the system we administer—on its being interwoven with the noblest associations of our national history—on its giving strength to the constitution of our Christian land—on its being felt to be promotive of sound learning, good education, well-regulated piety, pure morality, and thus advancing the best interests of the people whom, for Christ's sake, we serve in the maintenance of His truth.

"We stand on the merits of the system we administer." Those words might well be taken as a pregnant summary of the spirit of Archbishop Tait's whole episcopacy, and especially of his primacy. He was deeply convinced of the greatness of those merits, and he ever insisted on them with a generous pride. In his first charge as archbishop, in 1872, he reviewed the present position of the Church of England, and vindicated in various aspects its capacity for meeting the needs and

difficulties of the day. He discussed the opportunities it afforded for the co-operation of the laity in its work; the value of its great cathedrals, and of the institutions connected with them; its capacity for missionary work to the masses of our own people, and its power of forming a link of union with the rest of Christendom. He exposed the fallacy of the notion that it is held in any servitude by the character of its judicature, and he showed with striking force the evidence it had afforded of its capacity to alter its system to meet the new wants of the time. Within his own episcopate, the use of the so-called State services had been discontinued; a very material relaxation had been made in the terms of clerical subscription, giving to the clergy in this respect a reasonable liberty, with which, as he said, it may be doubted whether other communities have been so formally invested; the table of lessons for use in public worship had been entirely remodelled; and a very important amendment had been applied to the Act of Uniformity in respect of the public services in our churches. A shortened form of daily service had been authorized; permission had been given to divide the services on Sundays; special services had been sanctioned for special occasions, and sermons were allowed to be preached in churches without the accompaniment of the ordinary prayers. He urged that the Church had thus been proved to possess the power of adapting itself to any necessities of our day and generation; that it allowed a greater liberty of opinion, within the limits of essential truth, than any other rival communion; and that, with all these advantages, it was entrusted with unbounded opportunities for carrying its message into every corner of the nation, and thus, by promoting the cause of Christ, rendering the most essential services to the country at large. In a brief introduction to an interesting work recently published on "Lambeth Palace and its Associations," by the Rev. J. Cave-Browne, the archbishop gave a picturesque illustration from Lambeth Palace itself of this view of the capacities of the Church and of the office he held:—

Even if we confine our thoughts to the time—now nearly seven centuries—during which the Archbishops have lived in Lambeth, we find ourselves connected by the associations which cluster round these walls, with each step in the onward progress of our Church and people towards fuller light and higher liberty. We can find memorials here of the successful

efforts made to secure freedom from the thralldom of Rome, which marked the reigns of the later Plantagenets, and of the Lancastrian and Yorkist Sovereigns. We can trace the mode in which Christian influence was maintained throughout the land in spite of marauding barons and rapacious kings. We can see how the professed followers of Christ bore themselves amid the struggles preceding that great upheaval of society in which the hitherto non-privileged classes asserted their rights as Englishmen. We learn how the Church of England, notwithstanding the grave faults of many of its rulers, adapted itself — under the good hand of God — in all these troublous times, and in the changing days which followed them, to the real wants of the English people. The admonitions of places are, to the student of history, as powerful as the admonitions of books. Men's hearts may well be stirred, and their loyalty to the National Church confirmed, as they trace the many memorials in the architecture, pictures, and ornaments of Lambeth, which bring them face to face with the past, and so arouse their high hopes for the future.

This power of adaptation to the ever-varying circumstances of the nation's life, which has secured the Church's influence through so many centuries, is not likely to forsake us now. We may see a frequent example of it in the use to which these buildings are put to-day. Juxon's Great Hall and the adjoining "Guard-room," built for a very different purpose, afford abundant space and opportunity for those larger gatherings of clergy and laity, by which men seek to further the work of Christ in these somewhat democratic times. Two great Conferences of Bishops from every quarter of the world have met at Lambeth, as a national centre, within the last few years. Missionary and charitable agencies of every kind now find here their annual meeting-place; and it may well be doubted whether, in their long history, these old halls have ever been filled with men more zealous to uphold the Church of their fathers, or more active to promote the advancement of Christ's kingdom upon earth. May God, who has helped us hitherto, give wisdom to their counsels and vigor to their work! *Except the Lord build the house, their labor is but lost that build it. Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain.* (Page xxvii.)

Such was his conception of a National Church — a Church with national duties, national opportunities, and therefore national privileges. "A National Church?" he exclaimed in his charge of 1876 (p. 102), "what does the phrase mean? Wherever the State, feeling its Christian responsibilities, provides that in any way the ministrations of religion shall be secured to all its people, there is a National Church." The Church, therefore, in his view, would hold its ground so long as the

clergy realized and fulfilled the wide commission thus entrusted to them, and made themselves felt as the servants, for Christ's sake, of every class, every interest, and, at least in point of willingness, of members of every communion in the country. He indulged the hope, that as these characteristics of the Church were better appreciated, the Nonconformists would some day be able to reconsider their relations to it; and while anxious to cultivate communion with foreign Episcopal Churches, he more than once expressed a strong feeling that our more urgent and more practical duty was to endeavor to promote union among Christians at home. His conviction of the position of the Church in these respects found a brief and earnest expression at the conclusion of his first charge as primate in 1872. "My friends," he said:

I do believe that with the clearest and most unhesitating maintenance of the great Gospel truths, with the clearest protest against errors which are dangerous to the soul, on one side and on the other, the Church of England still stretches wide its arms and desires to bring souls to God, and is antagonistic to no Church or individual, so far as that Church or individual is faithful to the Lord Jesus Christ.

This is a noble and generous conception alike of the work and of the claims of the Church, and it appealed to the heart and the best instincts of the nation. The sense that the primate was thus exerting the influence of his great office, not to maintain the exclusive privileges of the establishment and his order for their own sake, but to make them the most valuable and beneficent of national institutions, at once raised the whole controversy respecting the relations of the Church and the State to a higher level, and tended to make men ashamed of mere sectarian polemics. Connected with this largeness of view was the spirit of generous confidence in which the archbishop ever strove, on all important questions, to do justice to the feelings and opinions of the laity. One of the High Church journals, in reviewing his career, described him, with some disparagement, as the archbishop of the laity. Such a phrase was a confession, all the more melancholy, because unconscious, that it was possible for the clergy to entertain interests which could be separated from those of the laity, and that there are persons who would have preferred an archbishop of the clergy. It was the late primate's honorable characteristic to be archbishop of the Church at large, of laity and clergy alike;

and by virtue of this character he commanded a confidence which he could have won in no other capacity. The paramount necessity of co-operation and friendly understanding between clergy and laity is another point on which he takes especial pains to insist in his charges. Happily we are able to point to a signal guarantee that in this important respect he is likely to be heartily followed by his successor. Bishop Benson contributed a most learned and instructive article on St. Cyprian to the "Dictionary of Christian Biography During the First Eight Centuries," of which we are glad to see that the third volume is just issued. In the course of this article, which shows how deeply he has studied the example of that great bishop, he makes some stirring remarks on an important part of St. Cyprian's career. It will be remembered that St. Cyprian, notwithstanding the general excellence of his administration, led his Church into error on the subject of the validity of baptism by schismatics or excommunicated heretics. "The visible Church," says Bishop Benson, "according to him, included the worst moral sinner in expectation of his penitence; it excluded the most virtuous and orthodox baptized Christian who had not been baptized by a Catholic minister." In this strange error St. Cyprian had the entire support of the episcopal synods of his province; and Bishop Benson makes the following striking remarks on the cause of this error and its remedy:—

The unanimity of such early councils and their erroneousness are a remarkable monition. Not packed, not pressed; the question broad; no attack on an individual; only a principle sought; the assembly representative; each bishop the elect of his flock; and all "men of the world," often Christianized, generally ordained, late in life; converted against their interests by conviction formed in an age of freest discussion; their chief one in whom were rarely blended intellectual and political ability, with holiness, sweetness, and self-discipline. The conclusion reached by such an assembly uncharitable, unscriptural, uncatholic, and unanimous.

The consolation as strange as the disappointment. The mischief silently and perfectly healed by the simple working of the Christian Society. Life corrected the error of thought. . . . The disappearance of the Cyprianic decisions has its hope for us when we look on bonds seemingly inextricable, and steps as yet irretrievable.

It may be noted, as affording some clue to the one-sided decisions, that the laity were silent, though Cyprian seemed pledged to some consultation with them. It must have been

among them that there were in existence and at work those very principles which so soon not only rose to the surface, but overpowered the voices of her bishops for the general good. (Vol. I., p. 573.)

We forbear to make any comment on this striking passage. Observations more pregnant with instruction in reference to the present controversies in the Church, and more full of hope for the spirit in which the new primate is likely to deal with them, could not well have been made; and we rejoice to observe that, in his farewell address to the diocese of Truro, he has already given a pledge that he will continue to be animated by the same spirit. After thanking the clergy in words which prove by their warmth and vividness the earnestness of the work in which he has been united with them, he addresses the laity "in terms of deepest respect and gratitude," expressing the belief that by their co-operation in the various works of Christian charity, "the laity of our day have opened a fresh era in the Church." Not less reassuring is the generosity he displays in acknowledging "with love and gratitude that activity for Christ's sake, that openhandedness, that kindness towards all good works, that favor at beholding growing activities in the Church, which have been shown by the Wesleyans and by very many others, who nevertheless have and use energetically organizations of their own." An address more fitted to bespeak the confidence of all classes in the nation—clergy, laity, and Nonconformists alike, could hardly have been penned.

But our sketch, incomplete as it must be, of the spirit which rendered Archbishop Tait's episcopacy and primacy so memorable and beneficent would be essentially imperfect, if we did not conclude by referring to the deep, spiritual convictions which animated his ministry, and which were the spring of all his other energies. If he gloried in the privileges and opportunities of the Church of England, if he vindicated on all occasions her capacity for acting as the great civilizing agency of the nation, it was because of his profound sense of the vivifying power of the great realities proclaimed by the gospel, and his intense personal appreciation of the central truths of our faith. No man was more penetrated with the conviction that the gospel is "the power of God unto salvation," spiritual and moral, individual and social. He was never wearied of insisting on the supreme efficacy and importance of elementary

gospel truths, and of the utter insignificance, in comparison with them, of the controversies by which the Church was distracted. It is not a little striking and touching to notice how this principle permeated his whole life, and was, as it were, the bond which united all parts of it in complete unity. Thus the spirit of his work as dean, as bishop, and as primate, was clearly embodied in the following passage at the conclusion of one of his farewell sermons at Rugby School (p. 319; edition of 1850):—

The last twenty years have been for our Church a time of many controversies. Men have been contending very earnestly, each for his own peculiar view of scriptural truth: matters of very little importance have, not unnaturally, on all sides, been magnified into articles of Christian faith: and the Church has been divided into very keenly contending parties. I do not say that this has been simply an evil; it has been a necessary consequence of that outpouring of religious earnestness, for which we have to bless God's Spirit. But no one, I suppose, will doubt that it has been attended with great evils. Such controversies have even at times invaded our places of education; sometimes the noisy disputes, which ought forever to be excluded from the hearing of the young, have been injudiciously pressed in schools; more frequently schools have become narrow seminaries for one or other of the Church's contending parties. Here, now, for twenty years, it has been endeavored to bring up the young as Christians, without binding them to party; to make them love the Church of England, because in its forms and discipline is to be found the best mixture of pure scriptural truth, with comprehensive charity. And this work has not been without its fruit; men are becoming convinced in the world that there is a Christianity far wider and, as more loving, so more holy, than any which the spirit of party knows. They are becoming convinced that the Church of England best fulfils its mission in this great country, by that temperate upholding of the great Gospel doctrines in their simplicity, which draws a marked line between them and all human systems, however ancient or however valuable. It is only in this its wise comprehensiveness, that, in the days which are coming, the Church of England can hope to maintain its influence as the Church of a great and enlightened nation, and be very extensively blessed of God. I would have each young man who hears me to ponder well on this truth, which it has been the constant object of the instruction of this place, for many years practically to impress upon him. In the university—in the world—whether as a directly commissioned minister of Christ's Gospel, or ministering in some worldly calling—let him labor not to approve himself as of this or that theological school, but as a Christian; let him

not waste his religious power and energies on matters which have to do at the best only with the outward shell, or case of Christianity: but let him cling to himself, and press on others, the pure and simple word of Christ, which is the essence of the Gospel. Parties in religion will all have disappeared when Christ comes: and those are His best disciples now who are occupied most with the great simple truths which shall last through eternity. The theological religious teaching of this school will have fulfilled its work, if it shall have trained a band to minister in the various ecclesiastical or secular offices of Christ's Church, as many, thank God, have been trained already and are now ministering, who are at once earnest in their belief and maintenance of Christ's real truth, and yet full of forbearing charity.

To these convictions, and to this sense that he was worthily carrying into effect the spirit of Arnold's life, he recurred, as will be remembered, in his last words in *Macmillan's Magazine*. There may always be some who will doubt whether he duly appreciated the importance of the Apostolic organization which the Church of England inherits, or the extent to which her just claims on the nation are founded upon it; and, like most men, he probably appreciated one side of truth more clearly than another. But there can be no question that in his description of what he deemed his leader's system he depicted a view of the work and teaching of the Church which appealed with unusual force to the convictions of his countrymen at large. To quote from that paper:—

Men rejoiced to welcome a manly, straightforward, expansive, Christian system, which, holding as for dear life to the Divinity of Christ, and deeply imbued with the spirit of St. John's Gospel, had a marvellously attractive power. It troubled them not with the dry bones of departed controversies, but ever asked them with the voice of a trumpet, What are your own personal relations to the Father, and the Saviour, and the Holy Spirit? It pointed out to them how the Christian religion was no matter of forms and compromises, how it breathed the Saviour's love into the soul, and ever inculcated the following of His example; how it looked far beyond the individual, and the section of the Church to which the individual belonged, to the Commonwealth as part of God's workmanship, into whatever political form it might be moulded. He could not conceive of a State, doing perfectly its duty as a State, without the moving principle of religion. He spurned all theories of separating education from religion, or statecraft from that refining leaven which alone can enable a statesman to seek for his countrymen the highest objects of their existence.

We believe the homage Archbishop Tait commanded was mainly due to the conviction he produced on his countrymen that these were the great objects on which his heart was set. They saw in him a man who was sensible, above all things, of the momentous mission with which he and his Church were entrusted to their hearts and consciences, and who subordinated all personal, sectarian, and controversial considerations to these great ends. In this assurance they gave him hearty confidence and support in his work, and rendered him unstinted gratitude. We are passing, as he said, into a new period of the Church's life, and its rulers will have to adapt themselves to its peculiar emergencies. It may be given to the new primate to bring into prominence some other aspect or element in the old truths; and our compensation for the loss of great men consists in the manner in which new minds bring out fresh sides of truth, and fresh possibilities in old institutions. But we cannot wish anything better for the Church of England than that her primates may always appreciate the great principles which animated the life of Archbishop Tait, and that, in substance, they may make those principles their paramount rule in the discharge of the momentous duties of their office.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE LADIES LINDORES.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE day after John's incarceration was the funeral day at Tinto. The whole country was moved by this great ceremonial. The funeral was to be more magnificent than ever funeral had been before for hundreds of miles around; and the number of the procession which followed the remains was greater than that of any assembly known in the country since the '45, when the whole district on one side or the other was "out." That everybody concerned should have found it impossible to think of John in the county jail, in face of the necessity of "showing respect" on this great occasion to the memory of Torrance, was natural. It was, indeed, out of the question to make any comparison between the two necessities. After all, what did it matter for one day? Those who were out of prison, and had never been in prison, and whose imagination was not affected like John's by that atmosphere of restraint, did not see any

great harm that could happen. And the ceremony was one which could not be neglected. A Scotch funeral is somewhat terrible to those who have been accustomed to the pathetic and solemn ritual of the English Church; but there was something too, impressive to the imagination, in that silent putting away of the old garment of humanity, — a stern submission, an acceptance of absolute doom, which, if it suggested little consolation, at least shed a wonderful awe on that conclusion no longer to be disturbed by mortal prayers or hopes. But Dr. Stirling, the parish minister, was of the new school of the Scotch Church, and poor Torrance's body became, as it were, the flag of a religious party as it was laid in the grave. The great dining-room at Tinto, the largest room in the county, was crowded with a silent assembly gathered round the coffin while the first portion of the ceremony was carried out. It was such a scene as would have filled the heart of the dead man with exultation. Not one of the potentates of the county was absent; and behind them, in close ranks, with scarcely standing-room, came the smaller notabilities — bonnet lairds, village doctors, clergymen, schoolmasters, lost in the sea of the tenantry behind. At the upper end of the room, a very unusual group, stood the ladies. Lady Caroline in her widow's weeds, covered with crape from head to foot, her tall, willowy figure drooping under the weight of those long, clinging funeral robes, her face perfectly pale and more abstract and high-bred than ever, encircled by the whiteness of the cap — with her two little children standing by, and her mother and sister behind to support her — thrilled many an honest heart in the assembly. Women so seldom take part in funeral ceremonies in Scotland, that the farmers and country-folk were touched beyond measure by this apparition. It was described in scores of sympathetic houses for long after: "A snow-drift could not be whiter than the face of her; and the two little bairns, puir things, glowering frae them, the image of poor Tinto himself." If there was any sceptic ready to suggest "that my ledly was never so happy a wife to be sic a mournin' widow," the spectators had a ready answer: "Eh, but she would be thinking to hersel', if I had maybe been a wee better to him —" Thus the popular verdict summed up the troubled story. Lady Caroline was pale enough for the rôle of the most impassioned mourner. She might have been chilled to stone by

grief and pain for anything that was apparent. She did not speak or take notice of any one, as was natural. Even for her father she had not a word; and when her little boy was led away to follow his father to the grave, she sank into a chair, having, no doubt, the sympathetic bystanders thought, done all that her strength was capable of. This roused a very warm sympathetic feeling for Lady had not been just perhaps a love-match, Car throughout all the country-side. If it she had done her duty by Tinto, poor fellow! She had kept him in the right way as far as a woman could; and what was scarcely to be expected, but pleased the lookers-on most of all, she had presented an aspect of utter desolation at his funeral. All that a widow could feel was in her face, — or so at least the bystanders thought.

The solemn procession filed out of the room: little Tom Torrance clinging to his grandfather's hand, looking out with big projecting eyes like his father's upon all the wonderful scene, stumping along at the head of the black procession. Poor little Tommy! he had a feeling of his own importance more than anything else. His little brain was confused and buzzing. He had no real association in his mind between the black thing in front of him and papa; but he knew that he had a right to walk first, to hold fast hold of grandpapa's finger, and keep with his little fat legs in advance of everybody. It is difficult to say how soon this sense of importance makes up for other wants and troubles. Tommy was only four, but he felt it; and his grandfather, who was nearly fifteen times as old, felt it too. He felt that to have this child in his hands and the management of a great estate for so long a minority, was worth something in the list of his ambitions; and thus they all went forth, trooping into the long line of carriages that shone in the veiled autumnal sunlight, up and down the avenue among the trees in endless succession. Even to get them under way was no small matter; and at the lodge gates and down the road there was almost as great a crowd of women and poor people waiting to see them go by. John Tamson's wife, by whose very cottage the mournful line passed, was full of tragic consciousness. "Eh!" she said, with bated breath, "to think that yon day when our John brought ben young Dalrulzian a' torn and disjacket to hae the dirt brushed off o' him — that yon day was the beginning of a' —" "Hold your tongue, woman," said John

Tamson; "what has the ane to do with the ither? Ye're pitting things thegither that hae nae natural sequence; but ye ken naething of logic." "No' me," said the woman; "and I wuss that poor young lad just kent as little. If he hadna been so book-learned he would have been mair friendly-like with them that were of his ain kind and degree." And as the black line went past, which after a while became tedious, she recounted to her gossips once more the story which by this time everybody knew, but all were willing to hear over again under the excitement of this practical commentary. "Losh! would he leave him lying there and never cry for help?" some of the spectators said. "It was never our master that did that," said Peggy Blair from the Dalrulzian lodge, who had declared boldly from the beginning that she "took nae interest" even in this grand funeral. "And if it wasna your maister, wha was it that came ben to me with the red moul on his claes and his coat a' torn?" said Janet Tamson. "I wasna here and I canna tell," Peggy said, hot and furious. "I would never say what might happen in a moment if a gentleman was angry — and Pat Torrance had an awfu' tongue, as the haill county kens — but leave a man groanin' at the fit o' a rock, that's what our maister never did, if I were to die for't," the woman cried. This made a little sensation among the beholders; but when it was remarked that Dalrulzian was the only gentleman of the county who was absent from the funeral, and half-a-dozen voices together proclaimed the reason, "He couldna be twa places at once; he's in the jyel for murder," Peggy was quenched altogether. Grief and shame were too much for her. She continued to sob, "No' our master!" till her voice ceased to be articulate in the midst of her tears.

Dr. Stirling was seated in full canonicals — black silk gown and cambric bands — in one of the first carriages. It was he that his wife looked for when the procession passed the manse; and she put on her black bonnet, and covered herself with a veil, and went out very solemnly to the churchyard to see the burial. But it was not the burial she thought of, nor poor Tinto, nor even Lady Car, for whom all day she had been uttering notes of compassion: it was the innovation of the funeral service which occupied the mind of the minister's wife. With mingled pride and trembling she heard her husband in the silence begin his prayer by

the side of the vault. It was a beautiful prayer — partly, no doubt, taken from the English liturgy, for which, she said, "the doctor always had a high admiration;" but partly — "and that was far the best" — his own. It was the first time anything of the kind had been done in the county; and if ever there could be a funeral important enough for the introduction of a new ceremonial to mark it, it was this one: but what if the Presbytery were to take notice of the innovation? Perhaps the thrill of excitement in her enhanced the sense of the greatness of the step which the doctor was taking, and his nobility in doing it. And in her eyes no ritual could have been more imposing. There were a great many of the attendants who thought it was "just Poppery," and a most dangerous beginning; but they were all hushed and reverential while the minister's voice went on.

When every one had left, and the house was perfectly silent after the hum and sound of so many feet, Lady Car herself went forward to the window and drew up the blind which covered it. The gloom disappeared, and the noonday sunshine streamed in in a moment. It was premature, and Lady Lindores was grieved that she had not been quick enough to forestall her daughter; for it would have been better, she thought, if her hand had been the first to let in the light, and not that of the new-made widow. Carry went further, and opened the window. She stepped out upon the heavy stone balcony outside, and received the light full upon her, raising her head to it, and basking in the sunshine. She opened her pale lips to draw in great draughts of the sweet autumn air, and threw up her arms to the sunshine and to the sky. Lady Lindores stepped out after her, laying her hand upon her arm, with some alarm. "Carry — my darling, wait a little —" Carry did not make any reply. She said, "How long is it, mother?" still looking up into the clear depths of the sky. "How long is what, my love?" They were a strange group. A spectator might have thought that the pale creature in the midst, so ethereal, so wan, wrapped in mourning so profound, had gone distraught with care; while her child at her feet sat on the carpet in front of the window, the emblem of childish indifference, playing with her new shoes, which glittered and pleased her; and the two attendant figures, the anxious mother and sister, kept watch behind. In Carry the mystery all centred; and even those two who were near-

est to her were bewildered, and could not make her out. Was she an Ophelia, moved out of her sweet wits by an anguish beyond bearing? Was she a woman repentant, appealing to heaven for forgiveness? Carry was none of these things. She who had been so dutiful all her life, resisting nobody, fulfilling all requirements to the letter, bearing the burden of all her responsibilities without rebellion or murmur, had ceased in a moment to consider outside necessities, even the decorum of her sorrowful condition. She gave a long sigh, dismissing, as it were, a weight from her breast. "It is five years and a half," she said. "I ought to remember, I that have counted every day, — and now is it possible, is it possible?"

"What, my dearest? Carry, come in; you are excited —"

"Not yet, mother. How soft the air is! and the sunshine flooding everything. I have been shut up so long. I think the colors never were so lovely before."

"Yes, my darling; you have been shut up for a whole week. I don't wonder you are glad of the fresh air."

"A week!" Carry said. "Five years: I have got no good of the sunshine, and never tasted the sweetness of the air, for five years. Let me feel it now. Oh, how have I lived all this time! What a beautiful country it is! what a glorious sky! and I have been in prison, and have never seen them! Is it true? is it all over? — all, all?" She turned round and gazed into the room where the coffin had been with a gaze full of meaning which no one could mistake. *It was gone — all was gone.* "You must not be horrified, mother," she said. "Why should I be false now? I think if it had lasted any longer I must have died or run away."

"Dear Carry, you would have done neither; you would have done your duty to the end," her mother said, drawing Carry into her arms. "It is excitement that makes you speak so."

"Not excitement, but deliverance," said Lady Car with solemnity. "Yes, mother, you are right; I should have stood to the end; but do you think that would have been a credit to me? Oh, you don't know how hard falsehood is! Falsehood and slavery — they are the same thing; they make your heart like iron: you have no feeling even when you ought perhaps to have feeling. I am cruel now; I know you think I am cruel: but how can one help it? slaves are cruel. I can afford to have a heart now."

"Come to your room, Carry. It is too dismal for you here."

"No, I don't think it is dismal. It is a fine, handsome room — better than a bedroom to sit in. It is not so much like a prison, and the view is lovely. There is poor Edith looking at me with her pitiful face. Do you think I ought to cry? Oh, I could cry well enough, if that were all — it would be quite easy; but there is so much to smile about," said poor Lady Car; then suddenly, leaning upon her mother's shoulder, she burst into a flood of tears.

It was at this moment that the housekeeper came in, solemn in her new mourning, which was almost as "deep" as Carry's, with a housemaid in attendance, to draw up the blinds and see that the great room was restored to order. The gentlemen were to return for the reading of the will, and it was meet that all should be prepared and made ready. And nothing could so much have touched the hearts of the women as to see their mistress thus weeping, encircled in her mother's arms. "Poor thing! he was not over good a man to her; but there's nae rule for judging marriest folk. It's ill to hae and waur to want with them. There's naeboddy," said the housekeeper, "but must respect my lady for her feeling heart." Lady Caroline, however, would not take the credit of this when she had retired to a more private room. She would not allow her mother and sister to suppose that her tears were tears of sorrow, such as a widow ought to shed. "You were right, mother, it is the excitement," she avowed; "every nerve is tingling. I could cry and I could laugh. If it had not been for your good training, mamma, I should have had hysterics; but that would be impossible to your daughter. When shall I be able to go away? I know: I will not go sooner than is right. I will do nothing I ought not to do; but you could say my nerves are shattered, and that I want rest."

"And very truly, Carry," said Lady Lindores; "but we must know first what the will is. To be sure, your fortune is secured. You will be well off — better than any of us; but there may be regulations about the children — there may be conditions."

"Could the children be taken from me?" Carry said, but not with any active feeling; her powers of emotion were all concentrated on one thought. Lady Lindores, who was watching her with all a mother's anxious criticism, fearing to see

any failure of right sentiment in her child, listened with a sensation of alarm. She had never been contented with herself in this particular. Carry's children had been too much the children of Pat Torrance to awaken the grandmother's worship, which she thought befitting, in her own heart. She felt a certain repulsion when she looked at these black-browed, light-eyed creatures, who were their father's in every feature — not Carry's at all. Was it possible that Carry, too, felt the same? But by-and-by Carry took up that little stolid girl on whom Lady Lindores could not place her tenderest affections, do what she would, and pressed her pale cheek against that undisturbed and solid little countenance. The child's face looked bigger than her mother's, Lady Lindores thought — the one all mind and feeling, the other all clay. She went and gave little Edith a kiss in her compunction and penitence for this involuntary dislike; but fortunately Carry herself was unconscious of it, and caressed her babies as if they were the most delicate and beautiful in the world.

Carry was not present at the reading of the will. She shrank from it, and no one insisted. There were father and brother to look after her interests. Rintoul was greatly shaken by the events of the day. He was ghastly pale, and very much excited and agitated. Whatever his sister might do, Rintoul certainly exhibited the truest sentiment. Nobody had given him credit for half so much feeling. He carried back his little nephew asleep after the long drive home, and thrust him into Carry's arms. "I am not much of a fellow," he said, stooping over her, with a voice full of emotion, "but I'll do a father's part to him, if I'm good enough for it, Carry." Carry by this time was quite calm, and wondered at this exhibition of feeling, at which Lady Lindores shed tears, though in her heart she wondered too, rejoicing that her inward rebellion against Torrance's children was not shared by her son. "Robin's heart was always in the right place," she said, with a warmth of motherly approval, which was not diminished by the fact that Rintoul's emotion made her still more conscious of the absence of "right feeling" in herself. There was not much conversation between the ladies in the small morning-room to which they had withdrawn — a room which had never been used and had no associations. Carry, indeed, was very willing to talk; but her mother and sister did their best, with a natural prejudice

and almost horror of the manner in which she regarded her own circumstances, to keep her silent. Even Edith, who would have dissolved the marriage arbitrarily, did not like to hear her sister's cry of satisfaction over the freedom which death had brought her. There was something impious and cruel in getting free that way. If it had been by a divorce or separation, Edith would have been as glad as any; but she was a girl full of prejudices and superstitions, and this candor of Carry's was a thing she shrank from as an offence to human nature. She kept behind-backs, often with her little niece on her knee, but sometimes by herself, keeping very quiet, revolving many thoughts in her heart; while Lady Lindores kept close to Carry, like a sick-nurse, keeping watch over all her movements. It was dusk when the reading of the will was over, and the sound in the house of footsteps going and coming began to cease. Then Lord Lindores came in with much subdued dignity of demeanor, like an ambassador approaching a crowned head. He went up to Carry, who lay back in a great easy-chair beside the fire with her hands clasped, pursuing the thoughts which she was not permitted to express, and gave her a formal kiss on the forehead: not that he was cold or unsympathetic as a father, but he had been a little afraid of her since her marriage, and she had not welcomed the condolences he had addressed to her when he saw her first after Tinto's death.

"My dear," he said, "this is not a moment for congratulations: and yet there is something to a woman in having earned the entire confidence of her husband, which must be a subject of satisfaction —"

Carry scarcely moved in her stillness. She looked at him without understanding what he meant. "It would be better, perhaps," she said, "father, not to speak of the circumstances."

"I hope I am not likely to speak in a way that could wound your feelings, Carry. Poor Patrick — has done you noble justice in his will."

A hysterical desire to laugh seized poor Lady Car. Lord Lindores himself was a little confused by the name he had coined on the spot for his dead son-in-law. He had felt that to call him Torrance would be cold, as his wish was to express the highest approval; and Pat was too familiar. But his "Poor Patrick" was not successful. And Carry knew that, even in the midst of her family she must not

laugh that day, whatever might happen. She stopped herself convulsively, but cried, "Papa, for heaven's sake, don't talk to me any more!"

"Do you not see, Robert, that she is exhausted?" said Lady Lindores. "She thinks nothing of the will. She is worn out with — all she has had to go through. Let her alone till she has had time to recover a little."

His wife's interposition always irritated Lord Lindores. "I may surely be permitted to speak to Carry without an interpreter," he said testily. "It is no doubt a very — painful moment for her. But if anything could make up — Torrance has behaved nobly, poor fellow! It must be gratifying to us all to see the confidence he had in her. You have the control of everything during your boy's minority, Carry. Everything is in your hands. Of course it was understood that you would have the support of your family. But you are hampered by no conditions: he has behaved in the most princely manner; nothing could be more gratifying," Lord Lindores said.

Carry sat motionless in her chair, and took no notice — her white hands clasped on her lap; her white face, passive and still, showed as little emotion as the black folds of her dress, which were like a tragic framework round her. Lady Lindores, with her hand upon the back of her daughter's chair, came anxiously between, and replied for her. She had to do her best to say the right thing in these strange circumstances — to be warmly gratified, yet subdued by the conventional gloom necessary to the occasion. "I am very glad," she said, "that is, it is very satisfactory. I do not see what else he could have done. Carry must have had the charge of her own children — who else had any right? — but, as you say, it is very gratifying to find that he had so much confidence —"

Lord Lindores turned angrily away. "Nerves and vapors are out of place here," he said. "Carry ought to understand — but, fortunately, so long as I know what I am about — the only one among you —"

At this Carry raised herself hastily in her chair. She said "Papa" quickly, with a half gasp of alarm. Then she added, without stopping, almost running her words into each other in her eagerness, "They are my children; no one else has anything to do with them; I must do everything — everything! for them myself; nobody must interfere."

"Who do you expect to interfere?" said her father sternly. He found himself confronting his entire family as he turned upon Carry, who was so strangely roused and excited, sitting up erect in her seat, clasping her pale hands. Rintoul had gone round behind her chair, beside his mother; and Edith, rising up behind, stood there also, looking at him with a pale face and wide-open eyes. It was as if he had made an attack upon her—he who had come here to inform her of her freedom and her rights. This sudden siding together of all against one is bitter, even when the solitary person may know himself to be wrong. But Lord Lindores felt himself in the right at this moment. Supposing that perhaps he had made a mistake in this marriage of Carry's, fate had stepped in and made everything right. She was nobly provided for, with the command of a splendid fortune—and she was free. Now at least his wisdom ought to be acknowledged, and that he had done well for his daughter. But notwithstanding his resentment, he was a little cowed "in the circumstances" by this gathering of pale faces against him. Nothing could be said that was not peaceful and friendly on the day that the dead had gone out of the house.

"Do you think I am likely to wish to dictate to her," he said, with a short laugh, "that you stand round to defend her from me? Carry, you are very much mistaken if you think I will interfere. Children are out of my way. Your mother will be your best adviser. I yield to her better information now. You are tired, you are unhappy—you are—left desolate——"

"Oh, how do you dare to say such words to me?" cried Carry, rising, coming forward to him with feverish energy, laying her hands upon his shoulders, as if to compel him to face her, and hear what she had to say. "Don't you know—don't you know? I was left desolate when you brought me here, five years—five dreadful years ago. Whose fault is that? I am glad he is dead—glad he is dead! Could a woman be more injured than that? But now I have neither father nor mother," she cried. "I am in my own right; my life is my own, and my children; I will be directed no more."

All this time she stood with her hands on his shoulders, grasping him unconsciously to give emphasis to her words. Lord Lindores was startled beyond measure by this personal contact—by the way in which poor Carry, always so submis-

sive, flung herself upon him. "Do you mean to use violence to me? do you mean to turn me out of your house?" he said.

"Oh, father!—oh, father! how can I forgive you?" Carry cried in her excitement and passion; and then she dropped her hands suddenly and wept, and begged his pardon like a child. Lord Lindores was very glad to take advantage of this sudden softening which he had so little expected. He kissed her and put her back in her chair. "I would recommend you to put her to bed," he said to his wife; "she has been overdone." And he thought he had got the victory, and that poor Carry, after her little explosion, was safe in his hands once more. He meant no harm to Carry. It was solely of her good and that of her children that he thought. It could do no harm either to the one or the other if they served his aims too. He drove home with his son soon after, leaving his wife behind him: it was proper that Carry should have her mother and sister with her at so sad a time. And the house of Tinto, which had been so dark all these nights, shone demurely out again this evening, at a window here and there,—death, which is always an oppression, being gone from it, and life resuming its usual sway. The flag still hung half-mast high, drooping against the flagstaff, for there was no wind. "But I'm thinking, my lord, we'll put it back to-morrow," said the butler as he stood solemnly at the carriage-door. He stood watching it roll down the avenue in that mood of genial exhaustion which makes men communicative. "It's a satisfaction to think all's gane well and everybody satisfied," he said to his subordinate; "for a death in a family is worse to manage than any other event. You're no' just found fault with at the moment, but it's minded against you if things go wrong, and your 'want o' feelin'." My lady will maybe think it want o' feelin' if I put up the flag. But why should I no'? For if big Tinto's gane, there's wee Tinto, still mair important, with all the world before him. And if I let it be, they'll say it's neglect."

"My lady will never fash her head about it," said the second in command.

"How do you ken? Ah, my lad, you'll find a change. The master might give you a damn at a moment, but he wasna hard to manage. We'll have all the other family, *her* family, to give us our orders now."

From The Cornhill Magazine.

# MEMORIES OF LEON GAMBETTA.

Now that the emotion caused by M. Gambetta's sudden death has partly subsided, people have begun to ask calmly what position this remarkable man will fill in the gallery of departed French rulers. Historical judgments may be accurately predicted in the case of a man whose whole public life has lain open before the world for years. It will not be with Léon Gambetta as it was with Mirabeau, whose fame was posthumously slurred by the papers found in Louis XVI.'s iron cupboard. If there had been anything discreditable in Gambetta's short but most eventful official career at Tours and Bordeaux, it would have come out during the terribly minute inquisition held by the Commission appointed to examine the acts of the Government of the National Defence; but that Commission, composed of Royalists and Bonapartists, declared, with ill-grace enough, that not one of the charges brought against the ex-dictator had been substantiated. He had been accused of pocketing a large commission on the Morgan Loan, of passing disadvantageous contracts for army stores and ammunition to his private gain, of employing disreputable adventurers and conniving at their peculations. The written denunciations against him (many of them anonymous) filled "three large furniture vans;" a dozen sworn clerks were occupied during ten months in sorting them, and three examining magistrates, forming a secret tribunal, sifted the mass of accusation as if they had been evidence against a suspected criminal. Yet, from the cartloads of calumnies nothing was evolved; and the Duke d'Audiffret-Pasquier, the president of the Commission, said to M. Edouard Hervé, who was then editor of the Orleanist *Journal de Paris*: "*C'est un honnête homme* : he did France a great deal of harm, but he erred from over-confidence in himself and in our weakened country." No fuller homage could have been paid to a public man by an opponent, even though one may admit that over-confidence in himself or in the resources of his country is a serious fault in a ruler.

With respect to his doings as an agitator and parliamentary strategist, Gambetta's memory will be found equally free from blighting taints, as, happily for him, he had no taste for intrigue. In this he differed from M. Thiers. The greatest admirers of Thiers are dismayed when

they study his political life to find at every turn too well-authenticated stories of back-stairs plots which seem to indicate an utter want of sincerity in the man. He was not insincere, but he was a believer in statecraft; he put too much faith in finessing; he thought great ends were best reached by tortuous paths, and his policy always consisted in playing off one faction against another, feigning to rely upon each turn by turn. Everything that Thiers did could be explained away so as to leave no reproach upon him; but his conduct was always requiring these explanations. Gambetta's record, on the contrary, stands out written in large plain sentences which demand no foot-notes. Though he was of Genoese extraction, and was always being accused by his enemies of Italian astuteness, Gambetta used his acumen to penetrate the tactics of his opponents but not to outwit them; he was like a general who keeps himself informed of the movements of the enemy, but allows them to win advantages in petty skirmishes, relying on his power to crush them in pitched battles. Thiers delighted in secret negotiations, and in cunningly worded orders of the day which obscured the issues of a parliamentary conflict; Gambetta hated ambiguities and truces, and was always on his guard against emissaries who came to propose "arrangements." His alliance with the Legitimists at the first election for life-senators in 1875 was a dashing flank movement by which he defeated the Orleanists; but there was nothing underhand in it. The treaty with the Marquis de Francieu was concluded openly in the smoking-room of the Assembly at Versailles, where Gambetta said to the Royalist nobleman: "Your strength in the Assembly does not entitle you to claim more than ten life-senatorships, and you will find that the Right Centre will hardly allow you: so many as that; but if you vote with us and give us fifty-five of the seats, you shall have twenty." The marquis touched his hat coldly as if Gambetta's huckstering tone displeased him; but the bargain was struck, and if the Legitimists had not grown frightened when two-thirds of the elections had taken place, they would have got all the seats promised them. As it was, they secured twelve, the Republicans forty-eight, and the Orleanists, owing to the Legitimate defection, managed in the scrambles of the final polls to win fifteen. In their plans for the election the Orleanists had coolly allotted sixty seats to their own

party and had decided that the other fifteen should go at haphazard.

On this, as on some other occasions, Gambetta seems to have been served by luck. It may be asked what would have become of the Republic if the Marquis de Franclieu had declined Gambetta's offer, and if the new Upper House, which was to play so great a part in the events of the next two years, had been packed at the outset with constitutional Royalists? But it may also be asked what would have happened in 1870 if Napoleon III.'s government had not played so recklessly into the hands of the Republicans by declaring war against Germany? After the *plébiscite* the emperor's position was very strong, and Gambetta's, from a statesman's point of view, weak and unpromising. Thiers had advised him so to act that he might in time become Liberal premier to Napoleon III. or to the latter's son; but Gambetta, by declaring himself again and again, with needless vehemence, the irreconcilable foe to Imperial institutions, had condemned himself to remain a revolutionist or else to become a turncoat. A man whose ambition was merely self-seeking would not have compromised his prospects in this way—all the less so as Gambetta was warned by prudent Liberals that he was doing their cause no good by his desperate tactics.

But it was his whole-hearted faith in Republicanism that carried him along; and it is from his stubborn self-denying combativeness for the cause he loved that will be drawn his claims to a great fame. Without discussing the question as to whether Republicanism is a good thing for France or not, it may be affirmed that a man who battles for any cause as Gambetta did for that of the republic, foreseeing its destinies when as yet few other men did, staking all his hopes and his very life on them, stands apart from and above the common rank of statesmen who always look to see which way the popular wind blows before they set their sails. It must not be forgotten that Gambetta's constancy to the Republic was preserved under circumstances that would have sickened most men, and in the face of inducements to trim, which, although they were overcome, must have tried every fibre in his moral nature. In 1871, during the last days of the Commune, his best friend, Clément Laurier, became a sudden convert to Royalism. "These wretches (the Communists) have destroyed all my illusions," he wrote to Gambetta, who was at

St. Sebastian; "but perhaps I could have forgiven them everything except their ingratitude to you. See how their newspapers have reviled you! A time may come when the Republic will be possible in France, but that day is not with us yet. Let us acknowledge that we have both made a mistake. As for you, with your unrivalled genius, you have now a patriotic career open to you if you will cast in your lot with the men who are going to try and quell anarchy."

One must recall the confusion of the dreadful times when these lines were written, to understand how they moved Gambetta. The extreme Republicans loathed him, and many moderate Republicans eyed him askance. Thiers had called him "a madman;" M. Grévy had said that he would die in the skin of a rebel; on the other hand, Royalists and Bonapartists were clamoring furiously for his impeachment, accusing him of the loss of two French provinces, which would never have been confiscated by the Germans if peace had been concluded after Sedan. The Royalists, however, were in want of a leader, and if Gambetta had stood up, like Laurier, to make his *mea culpa*, and to say that the divisions in the Republican party had convinced him that the restoration of a monarchy was the best thing for France, the effect of this apostasy must have been immense—so immense as to compensate him for any passing obloquy from old friends, had he been a mere doxomaniac as his enemies asserted. Laurier never concealed that he had endeavored to work upon Gambetta by every argument in his power; appealing not only to his nobler instincts, but to those smaller passions which burn in every human breast. He urged him to be revenged on the Radicals who had flouted him, and to "dish" M. Thiers who had held him cheap. He pointed out that the possibilities of Republicanism were far remote, whereas the post of Royalist parliamentary leader was a thing that could be grasped at once and would bring with it power, dignities, and the chances of doing great good to France. Gambetta had a weakness for the titles and symbols of power, and he loved good company; so Laurier flashed before his eyes the prospect of becoming a duke, a *grand cordon*, and a high chancellor. But Gambetta only laughed at all this. Laurier had gone to see him at St. Sebastian, where, as Bonapartist journals affirmed, the ex-dictator, enriched with millions, was luxuriating in marble halls and orange-

groves. The truth is, he found Gambetta lodging in two small rooms over the shop of a dealer in earthenware, and much pestered by mosquitoes. "His face," wrote Laurier to a friend, "was all bumps and hollows, like a map of Switzerland, and he was jaded by want of sleep and concern as to his money affairs." Gambetta's whole fortune at that time consisted of 600*fr.*, balance of the last quarter's salary he had drawn at Bordeaux; and when he returned to Paris in the autumn of 1871 with the intention of founding his newspaper *La République Française*, he experienced some difficulty in finding a capitalist who would advance him money for starting the journal. At that period he went to lodge in a third-floor apartment of the Rue Montaigne, and his aunt, Mlle. Massabie, cooked for him.

This is the man, who, up to the very day of his death, was being vilified by certain Republicans as a traitor to their party, as a democratic Heliogabalus, bloated, sensuous, and fussing, with a vulgar ambition! It makes one laugh to think of it. Gambetta—with all his faults, and he had many—was one of the most honest men who ever dignified the name of politician, and all who knew him can bear witness to the modest demeanor of his integrity. He was not one of those Frenchmen who thump their breasts and exclaim, "Moi qui suis honnête homme." M. Albert Wolff has written of him that, when he was a struggling barrister in the Latin Quarter, he used often to be appealed to as an arbiter on points of honor by brother advocates of his standing and by students; and the opinions sought of him were always delivered with a jovial kindness exempt from dogmatism. So it was with him, when, in his days of influence, he was worried by people wanting him to do things contrary to his duty—for he had to resist other solicitations besides those of his friend Laurier. Grandly vituperative as he could be in his public speeches when interruptions, ironical cheering, or insulting epigrams seemed sometimes to madden him like a bull amid the fireworks of a Spanish arena, he somehow never got angry when, in private life, people made him proposals which implied a total disbelief in his principles. Hearing of some grossly impertinent request that had been made to him, his secretary, M. Reinach, once exclaimed: "Why didn't you kick the fellow down-stairs?" "Kick him down-stairs!" laughed Gambetta, "why, fat as

I am, I should have lost my balance and rolled after him: where would my dignity have been then?" On another occasion, the wife of an ex-Bonapartist minister—a lady of great fascination—took it upon herself to call on Gambetta and point out to him how much he would advance his fortunes if he cast in his lot with the Prince Imperial. He listened good-naturedly, "feeling like a mastiff who was being talked to by a tomtit," as he afterwards put it, till at length the lady, taking a bunch of violets (the Bonapartist emblem) from her dress, asked him to wear it in his button-hole that day. "With pleasure," answered Gambetta, glad to bring the interview to an end; but as soon as he had said this he remembered that the date was the 16th of March, the Prince Imperial's birthday, and that, if he appeared at the Chamber of Deputies with violets in his button-hole, some very silly rumors might get into circulation. He reminded his visitor of this, but she was inexorable. "You've promised!" she said. "Ah, well!" replied Gambetta, and he wore the violets all that afternoon, causing thereby just the sort of gossip he had anticipated. One may add that such gossip was not indifferent to him. Highly sensitive as he was, he often winced inwardly at ill-natured sayings which he bore with outward composure.

Gambetta's chief fault was an irrepressible restlessness, which he carried into everything. He could prepare a large, fine plan of political action, and wait patiently for its accomplishment as a whole; but, meanwhile, he would meddle and muddle with the details. Instances of this can be furnished from his doings as conductor of the *République Française*. He wrote often for that paper, and sometimes sent in to the printer articles remarkable for their statesman-like views, but in the very same issue to which he had contributed some leader that was intended to conciliate a particular politician or faction, he would suddenly shoot in a paragraph tending to quite a contrary effect. M. Challemeil Lacour and M. Isambert, who were successively editors of the journal, had a dread of him when he strolled into the editorial room with a bundle of the morning's papers under his arm, and proceeded to read, as he called it. He would do this on idle days, when the Chambers were not sitting, and when he could treat himself to the relaxation of performing as much work as would have fatigued a sub-editor. His reading would be interrupted by violent snorts,

and, catching up a sheet of paper, he would scrawl off twenty lines which seemed to splutter fire like crackers. No topic was beneath his notice, and no enemy was too small for his shot. By his paragraphs he frequently did mischief which it took his cold, cautious fellow-workers days to repair.

Gambetta was not a good writer. The best of his articles read like written speeches, and were turgid; many of them, too, were of inordinate length. He used to come in powerfully excited after a great debate and say, "I shall want about half a column to-night," and, sitting down, he would begin to cover page after page with his close, cramped handwriting. For so impetuous a man he wrote a curiously stiff hand, and, though his fingers moved fast, their motion was feverish and spasmodical. It could never be said of him that he "dashed off" any of his effusions; he rather jerked them off, swaying the upper part of his body ponderously to and fro as he wrote, and now and then collecting his thoughts by passing his large left hand rapidly through his hair. Black coffee would be brought him, and he would go on writing; then he would call for a bottle of Burgundy and gulp down two or three glasses, munching sweet biscuits afterwards, or else sticks of chocolate in lieu of dinner. The editor, who had been making allowances for half a column, would see Gambetta's article overflow one column after another, washing away all other articles and notes, till it spread like an inundation over the entire front page of the paper. Then with a hearty "*Ouf*," the French exclamation of relief, he would throw down his pen and say, "There, I think those few lines will state our case plainly; what! do they really run to five columns? *Sacrebleu!* it seemed to me as if I had only been writing ten minutes!" and upon this he would break into a laugh that resounded all over the office, and partly dispelled the gloom of his contributors, who had been pulling wry faces at seeing their evening's work lost.

It would not do for the editor to touch a line of Gambetta's writing. He was the first to laugh at the exaggerated developments of his articles once they had appeared in print; but when they were going to press he showed a nervous impatience of correction, and a sort of peurile vanity in repeating that "every hyphen and comma" had its importance. The same obstinacy was observable in his parliamentary tactics. It was easy to argue

him away from a particular course before he had made up his mind about it; but once he had begun to move he was no more to be stopped than an elephant on the charge. Having a few devoted friends who understood him and knew in what emergencies he required guidance, he was often withheld from hasty action; but sometimes his headlong impetuosity took his most intimate confidants unawares. About this time last year, during his brief premiership, he spread consternation amongst his friends and his Cabinet colleagues by insisting that his pet Electoral Reform Bill (for *scrutin de liste*) should be introduced. It was pointed out to him that if he waited for a year or two, and gradually accustomed the Republican party to the measure, it would be passed, whereas there was no chance of getting it carried by a Chamber only a few months old, which would be voting its own dissolution by letting the bill become law. "They shall swallow the bill now, and as I have prepared it," ejaculated Gambetta; and this word "swallow," being reported in the lobbies, was the chief cause of his downfall. When the numbers of the division were announced and Gambetta found himself in a minority of fifty votes, he turned pale, and, laying a hand upon M. Spuller's shoulder, said huskily, "The fact is, I have not felt well of late, and I dare say I blundered; but all the same I am glad to get out of that;" pointing to the seat he had occupied as president of the Council.

It has been said that Gambetta took his fall from office much to heart, and that he was never quite the same man afterwards. This is a confusion between cause and effect. The *post-mortem* examination of Gambetta's body has revealed that he had been suffering for years from a disease which must have carried him off very soon, even if an accidental wound from a revolver had not accelerated his end. All through the past year he was in low spirits from pain and the effect of hypnotics; and the splenetic policy which he pursued in office was undoubtedly a symptom of his disordered condition. But he experienced no more than a temporary mortification at his overthrow; because it was his ambition to become president of the Republic, not to remain premier. He had accepted office because it had been in a manner forced upon him, and he would have continued to hold it, had he been able to do so on his own terms—that is, with an electoral system which would have se-

cured to him a large and pliant majority. He must have used up his popularity, however, had he tried to rule with an unmanageable Chamber; and so he courted a fall in order that he might come up fresh for the presidential struggle of 1884-5. That is the only explanation of his conduct; but the signs of his failing powers were visible—first in the fact that he played his part clumsily so that he got an undignified fall, and second in the want of recuperative energy which he displayed afterwards. All through the last session his speeches and articles, especially those on the Egyptian question, showed him to be floundering in search of a popular policy; and they betrayed his secret alarm at the discovery that his eloquence had begun to lose its magic.

Yet he remained to the very last a superb orator. He was really the modern incarnation of Ogmios, that god of words whom the Gauls worshipped, and out of whose mouth flowed chains to hold listeners captive. Even when read, his speeches communicate a glow; but when heard, they stirred one as everything artistically perfect—whether a fine piece of music, a noble painting, or a well-written book—must do. The parts of speech, it has often been observed, are three—words, look, and tone: to the parts of oratory gesture must be added; and in Gambetta gesture was an art carried to its highest finish. Actors of the Théâtre Français went to hear and see him. Mounet-Sully, who was going to play the part of Augustus in "Cinna," studied him during one of his most impassioned harangues, and rather weakly observed: "Comme il seyait majestueux s'il portait la toge!" Gambetta was majestic enough without the toga. Some of his movements in the tribune had an incomparable dignity, others a most persuasive grace; there were times when you could think you saw a sword flash in his grasp, and others when, as he made an appeal to concord, you wondered that his enemies did not rush forward to seize his outstretched hand. The late Bishop of Orleans once shed tears on hearing him—not ostentatious tears intended to show that he was in sympathy with the speaker's lamentations over the horrors of the war, but furtive tears which he sought to hide. "I have been thinking," he said to Duke Decazes, "that if that man had become a priest, he would have been another Peter the Hermit."

It must be noted, nevertheless, that Gambetta only succeeded in the highest

kind of oratory. Napoleon I., who won great battles so easily, was always beaten at chess; and similarly Gambetta, who had such power to sway masses, was strangely inapt to convince individuals. Las Cases remarks, in his "Mémorial de Ste. Hélène," that the emperor was worsted at chess because he would insist upon fighting with his pawns; and so Gambetta, who put forth the most lofty arguments in public debates, would not scruple to use the meanest reasons in discussions *tête-à-tête*. He seemed to have a shamefaced fear that his hearer should think he was canting, or *qu'il faisait de la pose*, to use the French term. This was not always the case, for at dinner-parties, with friends round his table, he was often as happy in his sallies as when he was declaiming from a balcony or a platform; but he was very liable to fits of awkwardness when conversing alone with men of great rank and nicely polished manners whom he knew to be unfriendly to him. With these he was frequently churlish and downright aggressive. Once, during the Marshalate, he met Count Wimpffen, the late Austrian ambassador, who, not catching the meaning of some French expression which he had used, put up his hand to his ear and said, "I beg pardon?" Unfortunately the count was noted for his antipathy towards Republicanism, so Gambetta chose to construe this harmless little gesture into a mockery: "Look here, M. l'Ambassadeur," he said to the astonished diplomatist, "it's quite true I speak the tongue of the people, but if you like I will have my remark translated into *heraldic jargon* for you."

The post of minister for foreign affairs was the one least suited to a man so sensitive and self-conscious as Gambetta was. He wore his heart upon his sleeve, and the peck of a diplomatist's tongue, especially if that *diplomate* happened to be a lady, made it bleed sorely. He wanted to be prime minister without portfolio, and should have insisted on having his way in this matter despite M. Grévy's rather jealous objections, for the details of departmental business overtax the energies of a man who throws heart and soul into everything he undertakes; besides which Gambetta always lost his head when he had to argue with persons singly in corners, or when he had to resist appeals made to his good-nature, his generosity, or his vanity, by designing subordinates or strangers who perceived the vulnerable side of his character. To be seen at his best, Gambetta wanted an

audience at once large and responsive—it was not necessary that he should get applause; loud, boisterous opposition suited his purpose equally well by rousing the leonine spirit in him. Coldness in others chilled his heart, so that it may be imagined how he fared amidst ambassadors and placemen who are essentially gelid. If it were not dipping too deep into his private life, one might relate how at one time he was kept miserable for days by a manservant, an old soldier of crabbed temper, who used to treat him to prolonged fits of sulks. A friendly minister of the interior at last took pity upon him by presenting the cantankerous domestic with a *bureau de tabac*.

It was because he craved for responsiveness that Gambetta could never have made a great figure at the bar, although it was a forensic speech that first brought him to renown. Paradoxical as it may seem to say so, Gambetta's best speeches as an *avocat* were delivered during the first seven years of his professional life, when he lived upon briefs handed over to him by M. Crémieux, and by his friend Laurier, and when he labored to make his way by patiently mastering tedious subjects. Once he had felt his wings grow, as it were, he rose in air too high above the beaten road where good "practices" are to be obtained. His famous philippic in the Delescluze affair cost his client six months' imprisonment and a heavy fine. He might by one or two more of such efforts have added to his reputation as a rhetorician, but solicitors would soon have shunned a man who made himself a name at the expense of his clients. If, on the other hand, Gambetta had reverted to the sober methods of his early days at the bar, he must have failed, for he would have pleaded without heart. Once a man has tasted the tumult of popular applause he hungers for it again; and feels ill at ease talking in small, silent courts, before solemn judges: "Ris donc, imbécile!" was an apostrophe which an *avocat* once heard fly *sotto voce* from Gambetta's lips, while President Vivien sat listening with a wooden face to a comical speech by Clément Laurier, who was the funny dog of the Parisian bar.

It was, again, owing to Gambetta's yearning after sympathy and demonstrativeness that he never visited England, which had been represented to him as a country where men have freezing manners. His friend, Sir Charles Dilke, several times invited him to come over; and he received flattering invitations from

some political associations which promised him as enthusiastic a reception as that which greeted Garibaldi in 1865, but his friend and comrade, the actor Coquelin, had given him a dispiriting account of how the performances of the Théâtre Français company went off in London. "We have good, polite audiences," said Coquelin, "but not one-third of the people in the house understand what we say; they applaud with their finger-tips at the wrong places, and our most subtle pleasantries fall flat." "Oh, yes, I see," responded Gambetta, "I should stand up to be stared at like a fat man in a fair, and I should see people wringing their mouths to extract smiles at the moments when I was struggling to move them." Gambetta very nearly crossed the Channel in 1871, immediately after the war and before the Communal outbreak, when he hoped that his presence on our shores might rouse a vast popular demonstration of sympathy for France. Unquestionably it would have done so; but it was pointed out to him that his coming might seriously embarrass the British government, and he abandoned his projected visit "out of deference for Mr. Gladstone," as he said. He always spoke kindly of the great English orator, and regretted that, being unable to understand our language, he could never hope to enjoy an evening in the House of Commons. "Mr. Gladstone and I may not think alike on most points," he once said, at a time when the *République Française* was siding with Lord Beaconsfield on the Eastern question, "but we are both Liberals, and though our paths sometimes diverge, we are walking towards the same goal, and must often meet. Besides, I have heard even his enemies say that he is a good man, and that is a kind of praise public men do not often get from their foes."

In more recent times the Prince of Wales invited Gambetta to visit Eng'and, and the French statesman's reasons for declining H.R.H.'s proposal—or at least for adjourning his acceptance of it—are of an amusing kind. Those who have seen Sardou's comedy of "Rabagas" will remember the lively discussion that arises when Rabagas is summoned to Prince Florestan's palace and hesitates as to whether he can with due regard to his dignity as a Republican put on knee-breeches. Gambetta had no objection to court costume; but he had to consider what the growing number of his Radical enemies would say if they saw him staring about in royal palaces. André Gill,

the spiteful caricaturist, published in the *Lune* a cartoon which depicted Gambetta as a lion having his claws cut and his mane curled by the Princess of Wales (*Punch* by-the-by once published a similar one, in which Mr. Chamberlain, then Mayor of Birmingham, was the lion). Gambetta laughed at the cartoon, but it nettled him; and he decided — perhaps wisely, considering his difficult position — that he would not accept royal hospitalities, though he would receive kings and princes with all proper respect if they came to him.

It is well known that he favored the Athenian, not the Spartan model of a republic. He knew his countrymen too well to think that they could be converted into Puritans. He wanted Paris to remain the city of cities, the centre of art, letters, fashion — and perhaps the Grand Hotel of the world; and he took up all of Napoleon III.'s policy in the matter of public works, knowing well how stately monuments mark the grandeur of a *régime*, and leave imperishable memorials of it. "Je veux ma République belle, bien parée," he said in a speech to his townsmen at Cahors, and because he said "*ma République*" the wanton malice of his enemies accused him of aiming at dictatorship, that he might confiscate all the public liberties and reduce the French once more to the diet of *placentas et circenses*. This was the outcry raised against him with unmeasured virulence during the last two years of his life, and most loudly by the Communists whom his intercession had caused to be liberated from New Caledonia. It was said, of course, that he had advocated the amnesty in order to curry favor with the populace, but it would be misjudging Gambetta's shrewdness to suppose that he ever reckoned upon the gratitude of those whom he set free. He fully foresaw that Humbert, Louise Michel, and the others would all band themselves together against him; but when urged to leave these people at the antipodes, he said, with his usual generous impulsiveness: "Bah, the poor wretches have suffered enough. I might have been transported too if matters had turned out differently in 1870, and I have a fellow-feeling with them all. In any case a republic with State prisons full is an absurdity."

These traits, and the others that have been set down in this paper by one who knew Gambetta well, may have served to sketch the outlines of his truly noble and lovable character. It may be asked now

whether he died too soon, or whether by dying before he came to power again he saved himself from errors and France from calamities that might have destroyed his fame. This question must be answered, on a review of his whole public career, by saying most emphatically that Gambetta's death is an immense loss for France. He was the greatest man in the Republic, and it would have been natural, according to the Republican theory, that he should succeed in time to the highest office in the State; nor is it to be doubted that, loving the Republic as he did, and having served it with so much devotion and honesty, he would have found in his love a power of self-restraint to keep him from courses that might have been hurtful to his own work. For the establishment of the Republic was his own work, principally. He proclaimed its birth in 1870, he gave it a baptism of some glory in the fiery though useless resistance which he opposed to the German invasion, and he kept it standing at a time when it required the support of a sturdy, vigilant champion. To the end it must be believed that, so far as in him lay, he would have preserved it from harm. A few days before his end, during a lull of pain when he began to feel hopeful of recovery, he said to Dr. Lannelongue, who was attending him: "I have certainly made many mistakes, but people must not imagine that I am unaware of it. I often think over my faults, and if things go well, I dare say I shall try the patience of my friends less often. *On se corrige.*"

Perhaps these almost dying words are grander in their humility than the Roman emperor's, "*Si bene egi, plaudite.*"

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From Chambers' Journal.

#### FOR HIMSELF ALONE.

A TALE OF REVERSED IDENTITIES.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

CLUNIE and Captain Dyson were quite content to find themselves out of sight and hearing of the rest of the party. Never before had the captain had a listener at once so attentive and so appreciative. Really Miss Pebworth was a most superior young woman, with intelligence and tastes far beyond the ordinary run of her sex.

They had been scrambling up-hill, and conversation had been an impossibility

for the last few minutes ; but now, having reached the summit, they sat down to rest on some large boulders, and the captain resumed the thread of his broken narrative.

"When I again came to my senses," he said, "I found that the natives had bound me fast to the trunk of a large tree about a dozen yards from their encampment. I knew but too well the fate in store for me. On the morrow, I should be tortured ; at sunset, I should be killed outright ; and after that, I should be roasted and served up hot for supper."

"O Captain Dyson, how dreadful — how very dreadful!"

"Shall I defer the rest of my narrative till another day?"

"Please, no. I am dying to know how you escaped ; for you did escape of course, or else you could not be here to tell me."

"I did escape, Miss Pebworth ; but you would never guess by what means."

"Do not keep me in suspense, Captain Dyson."

"The sun set, the camp-fires were lighted, and still I remained fast bound to the tree. I thought of many things — men do think of many things at such times. I thought with a pang that I should never again see my native land, my dear old England. And as I thought thus, my patriotic feelings awoke within me, and would not be controlled, and I began to sing 'Rule Britannia' at the top of my voice. In those days I was considered to have rather a fine tenor voice. I lost it subsequently, when laid up with ague among the African swamps."

"I should, dearly love to have heard you singing on that memorable night."

"Before I had reached the end of the first verse, there was a general movement among the savages. They sprang to their feet, and with loud guttural cries they came trooping towards me — men, women, and children. They surrounded me ; and as I went on singing, there was the deepest silence among them. Even the babes in arms hushed their prattle. They had never heard anything like my singing before."

"Ah, no ; I can quite believe that."

"By the time I had reached the end of the second verse, they were all in tears."

"Your sweet tenor voice. Happy cannibals!"

"I was in the middle of the third verse, when the old chief came up to me. He was sobbing. He seized me by the shoulders, and rubbed his nose violently against mine, which is their way of making friends.

Then his two head-men came and rubbed noses with me. I was released, and carried in triumph to the chief's hut. I sang to him all that night and all next day ; then he said that he had had enough for a little while, and offered me his daughter in marriage."

"O Captain Dyson ! But you did not marry her?"

"Could you believe in the possibility of an English gentleman marrying the daughter of an African king?"

Suddenly Clunie started to her feet. "I declare if there isn't that odious Mr. Drummond coming this way!" she exclaimed in a tone of vexation. "It looks as if he had followed us on purpose."

To return to Miss Deene. Mr. Dempsey had not been gone more than a couple of minutes, when she was startled by seeing a stranger coming towards her through the trees. As he drew nearer, she saw that he was a burly, middle-aged man with homely features, that were set in a tangled maze of grizzled beard and moustache. He was dressed in a suit of gray tweed that had evidently seen better days ; he wore a soft slouched hat ; his thick-soled shoes were white with the dust of country roads ; and he carried a stout walking-stick in his hand. He came up to Elma, lifted his hat for a moment, and said : "Pardon me, but am I right in assuming that there is a picnic here to-day, and that my friends Mr. Drummond and Mr. Frobisher form part of the company?"

His voice was a very pleasant one, and so was his smile, as Elma had an opportunity of proving a little later on. Despite the stranger's homely looks and somewhat shabby attire, something whispered to Miss Deene that she was in the presence of no ordinary man.

"There has certainly been a picnic here to-day," she replied, "at which both Mr. Frobisher and Mr. Drummond were present. They will neither of them be very long before they are back. Perhaps if you wish to see them, you will not mind waiting." She spoke with a somewhat heightened color, and the stranger's dark eyes rested on her face with a look of undisguised admiration.

"Thank you very much," he said. "If you will allow me, I will await their return. I am staying to-night at an inn in the village ; and it was my intention to walk over to Waylands — as I think Mr. Frobisher's house is called — in the course of to-morrow. Hearing, however, that

my friends were so near me to-day, I could not resist the opportunity of coming in search of them."

"I have no doubt that they will be pleased to see you," answered Elma, not knowing what else to say.

"By-the-by, I ought to apologize for not introducing myself before. My name is Bence Leyland."

"Mr. Leyland!" ejaculated Elma with a start of surprise. "I have heard both Mr. Frobisher and Mr. Drummond speak of you many times."

"Ah! Then they have not forgotten me. I am glad of that."

"Did you think, Mr. Leyland, that either of them was likely to forget you?"

"Well, no—they are hardly the sort of men to do that," he answered with a little laugh. "But may I ask to whom I have the pleasure of speaking?"

"My name is Elma Deene. Mr. Frobisher and I are cousins."

Mr. Leyland bowed.

At this moment a light cart with two servants from Waylands drove up. They had come to fetch away the hampers and other et-ceteras pertaining to the picnic.

"Would you not like some refreshment, Mr. Leyland?" asked Elma.

"Thank you. I should like a bottle of lemonade, if it is not too much trouble," answered the painter.

He sat down on a fallen tree, and fanned himself with his hat while one of the servants opened the lemonade.

"With what lovely bits of genuine English scenery this neighborhood abounds," said Leyland a few moments later. "They are at once a joy and a despair to a man like myself. We painters go on daubing canvas after canvas from youth till age; and the older we grow, the more we feel how futile are our efforts, and how few of her secrets nature has deigned to reveal to us."

"There was one landscape in the Academy this year," answered Elma, fixing her eyes gravely on him, "that to my mind seemed instinct with some of nature's sweetest secrets. The breeze that stirred the tops of the larches on the hill seemed to fan my cheek as I looked. Those cloud-shadows that chased each other across the corn-fields in the valley were the very shadows that I have watched a hundred times as a child. Those scarlet poppies in the foreground were the same that I gathered long years ago. And yet, Mr. Leyland, you know none of nature's secrets!"

Bence Leyland rose abruptly. "Let

us walk a little way, Miss Deene," he said, "and find something else to talk about."

Elma picked up her sunshade, and the two strolled slowly away side by side down one of the pleasant woodland ways.

"Can you guess, Miss Deene," asked Leyland presently, "why I am more glad to-day than I have been for a long time?"

Elma shook her head. "It is impossible for me to guess, Mr. Leyland."

"I am glad because I am the bearer of good news for my dear friend, Dick Drummond."

"Oh!"

Not a word more could she say. Her heart fluttered; her color rose; the painter regarded her with curious eyes.

"Dear old Dick!" he went on presently, almost as if speaking to himself. "How pleased I shall be to see him again!—and Frobisher too. Noble-hearted fellows both. What smokes we have had together; what talks we have had together; how we have argued and disputed, and in the end agreed to differ! 'Oh! golden hours that never can return.' No. *Jamais, jamais.*" He spoke the last words almost in a whisper. The two walked on in silence.

Like a certain noble poet, Bence Leyland awoke one morning and found himself famous. He had been a struggling man for twenty years, trying his hardest to win fame and fortune, but not succeeding in his pursuit of either. Now and then he sold a picture; but in order to make ends meet, he was compelled to pawn more than he could sell. Now and then, a note of praise would be sounded by some critic more discerning than the rest of his tribe; but such notes were too few and far between to materially affect the fortunes of the artist. One day, however, a trumpet-note rang through England. A certain landscape painted by Leyland, into which he had thrown his whole heart and soul, came, by a happy concatenation of circumstances, under the eye of Mr. Buskin, the world-renowned critic. Then rang forth the clarion note. "Those towering heights of gray lightning-riven rock, bones of a world of old," wrote the great critic; "that curving sweep of black, melancholy, wind-smitten heath, the home of solitude for ten thousand years; that far-away fringe of howling horizon, where the moorland sweeps down to the sea, lurid with strange lights, pregnant with the menace of coming storm; those battlemented, rain-washed masses of cloud, hurrying up the sky as if

bound for some great meeting-place of the winds: all these, I say, could only have been depicted for us with so much reverence and fidelity, with such power and vividness of conception, by the hand of undoubted genius. The man who wrought out this picture will one day stand in the foremost rank of England's great landscape-painters."

When Bence Leyland read these words, he cried, and he had not cried since he was a boy at his mother's knee. From that day fame and fortune were at his feet. More commissions poured in upon him than he could execute; for he was a slow, painstaking, almost plodding worker, and would not be hurried by any man. Although his pictures now commanded more pounds than they had been deemed worth shillings a little time previously, this change in his circumstances in no wise altered Leyland's mode of life. He was a bachelor, and he still went on living in the same rooms in which he had now lived for so many years that they had come to be the only home he knew. He still frequented the same Bohemian club; he was still as indifferent to the ministrations of his tailor as of yore. Some of his old cronies asked each other why he did not migrate to St. John's Wood, or to the still more fashionable art district of Kensington, as they would have done, had his good fortune been theirs; and there were even one or two who whispered that Leyland was growing miserly in his old age, and that he thought more of a shilling now than he used to do when he was not always sure where his next day's dinner was to come from.

Many a struggling dauber, to whom a saving hand had been held out just as the waters of oblivion seemed about to sweep over his head, could have told a tale that would have confounded such croakers, although the chief reason which induced Bence Leyland to look so carefully after the "bawbees" was known to a few only of his most intimate friends. His only sister had died, leaving behind her four orphan children to whom he was the nearest living relative. Those children had soon become as dear to him as if they were his own, and it was for the sake of them and their future career in life that Leyland hoarded his money in a way that he would never have thought of doing for himself alone.

After Frobisher had left him, Mr. Pebworth wandered on, busy with his own thoughts; and of a very complex nature

they were. Looking up at the point where two footpaths intersected each other, he saw coming towards him his daughter, Mrs. Pebworth, Drummond, and Captain Dyson. As soon as Clunie perceived her father, she hurried forward to meet him. Taking him by the arm, and keeping him well out of earshot of the others, she said: "I've a surprise in store for you, papa."

"Youth, my dear, abounds with surprises; but at my time of life —"

"Now, don't begin to moralize, papa. Captain Dyson has proposed to me."

"My darling Clunie! my sweet daughter! Come to my heart."

"Bother!"

"This is indeed a rapturous moment — a moment that compensates for —"

"Papa, you are getting old and tiresome."

"Fie, fie, my Clunie!"

"Listen. Captain Dyson has proposed; but he wishes to have a runaway marriage, without your knowledge or sanction."

"A runaway marriage! Hum. Why runaway?"

"Oh, some silly notion he has got into his head about its being so romantic, and all that. And then he is afraid, or pretends to be afraid, that you will not give your consent."

Mr. Pebworth laughed softly, and patted the hand that rested on his arm. "Let him cherish the delusion, my dear Clunie. The more difficult he finds it to win you, the greater the value he will set upon you afterwards."

"We must give him no time to change his mind."

"Not a day — not an hour. Let the match be a runaway match, by all means. He wants his little romance; let him have it — and pay for it."

"I would much rather have had half-a-dozen bridesmaids, and have been married by a dean."

"Tut, tut! Don't be foolish. Who can have all they wish for in this world? In any case, you may depend upon my secrecy in the matter. You will leave a little note for me on my dressing-table — a slightly incoherent note — praying for my forgiveness, et-cetera. I shall be thunderstruck, grieved, indignant — a distracted father, in fact. I shall tear my hair — metaphorically — and call Captain Dyson the destroyer of my child. But by the time the honeymoon is over, I shall be prepared to forgive you both and to receive you with open arms."

"Yes, papa."

"Before you go, you may as well look up for me that passage in 'King Lear' about an ungrateful daughter and a serpent's tooth. The quotation will sound effective in the first strong burst of my grief and indignation."

"Yes, papa. But will it be safe to marry without settlements?"

"First catch your husband. After that, my Clunie, it will be very strange if you and I cannot manipulate a simpleton like Captain Dyson in a way that will be eminently advantageous to both of us. Only, put a curb on your temper for a little while. You must on no account allow him to think you anything lower than a subliminal angel till all pecuniary matters are satisfactorily arranged. Humor his every whim; allow him still to believe himself the most fascinating of tiger-slayers; keep on listening to his stories with the same breathless interest that you listen to them now."

"O papa, to what a fate you are dooming me! Those horrid stories, how I hate them!"

"After a time, you can have your revenge by refusing to listen to another as long as you live. You will take Boucher with you, of course. She is propriety itself, and will look after your comforts."

"Yes, papa."

"Have as many witnesses to the ceremony as possible — pew-openers, sextons, anybody, not forgetting Boucher the invaluable."

"Yes, papa."

"My blessing will go with you, Clunie. It is indeed a comfort to a parent's heart to see the excellent lessons he so carefully inculcated in the days of youth — the moral principles he so sedulously instilled — blossom forth into such golden fruit. Would that all parents were equally blessed!"

"Of course, all the arrangements have still to be made; but I shall be in a position to tell you more to-morrow."

#### CHAPTER IX.

#### CONCLUSION.

SCARCELY had Miss Pebworth finished giving her father an account of Captain Dyson's proposal, and of the intended runaway marriage, when they reached the glade in which the picnic had been held. Here, a few moments later, they were joined by Mrs. Pebworth, Dick, Mr. Dempsey, Frobisher, and Captain Dyson.

Mr. Leyland and Elma, who had, as already narrated, set out for a short stroll in the wood, did not go far before they turned. Elma was afraid that the others would be waiting for her; besides which, she had a woman's curiosity to learn the nature of the good news which Leyland had brought his friend. They saw the others before they themselves were seen.

"There are Mr. Frobisher and Mr. Drummond," said Elma.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the painter, in genuine surprise, "what swells they have blossomed into! I should hardly have known them again. O Richard, Richard! whither have thy leonine locks vanished?"

Miss Deene began to think her companion something of an oddity.

Leyland emerged from the trees, and stepping quietly up to Drummond, who was only a few yards away, he slapped him on the shoulder. Dick turned quickly, and stood like a man dumfounded at the sight of his friend.

"Why, Dick, dear old Dick, how are you after all this long time?" cried Leyland heartily, as he grasped the other by the hand. "It seems an age since I saw you last. Hark ye, my boy; a word in your ear," he added in a lower tone. "Your picture in the Dudley has found a purchaser. A Manchester rag-merchant has taken a fancy to it, and he talks about commissioning you to paint another."

Dick's freckled face changed first to white and then to red. He gasped forth a few incoherent words, but he could never remember afterwards what they were.

At the sound of Leyland's voice, Frobisher, who was standing a little apart talking to Dyson, turned. His face, too, changed for a moment. "The crisis has come sooner than I expected," he muttered to himself. "*N'importe*. Better now than later on, perhaps." He went forward with a pleasant smile, and held out his hand. "Don't forget that there are two old friends here," he said to Leyland.

"Forget! Not likely. But I had some good news for Dick which I was in a hurry to tell him. And now, my dear Frank, how are you? Better — better. I can see that before you answer me. Not like the same man. I suppose I must congratulate you on your good fortune." He paused for a moment, holding the other's hand in his and gazing a little sadly into his face. "Ah, Frobisher, I don't know whether to feel glad or sorry that you have come into all this money,"

he said. "Many a fine spirit has been spoiled by coming into a fortune."

Every one present heard Leyland's words. They all stared, as well they might. Was this stranger in the shabby tweed suit drunk or crazy? Of a surety he must be either one or the other.

Mr. Pebworth's pendulous cheeks turned the color of saffron. Striding forward a step or two, he touched Frobisher lightly on the arm. "May I ask who this person is, Mr. Drummond?" he said in a hoarse whisper. "He seems to be confounding your identity with that of my nephew most strangely."

"This gentleman is Mr. Bence Leyland, a very dear friend of mine; and I am not aware that he is confounding anything."

"But he called you Frank Frobisher."

"He called me by my proper name."

"But — but you are not —"

"Indeed, but I am, Mr. Pebworth. I am Frank Frobisher, and your unworthy nephew."

An exclamation of surprise or dismay burst from the lips of all present except Leyland and Dick.

For a moment or two, Pebworth stared blankly into the stern young face before him. Then, as with a lightning flash, the truth burst upon him. "Great Heaven! Tricked! ruined, irretrievably ruined!" he exclaimed, gasping out the syllables as if they would choke him. With one hand pressed to his forehead, he staggered rather than walked to a fallen tree, and there sat down. His wife and daughter were by his side in a moment; but he waved them impatiently, even fiercely away, and sat staring with blank eyes at vacancy. Presently he took a bundle of papers from his pocket, untied with trembling fingers the red tape that bound them, and began to turn them over in an aimless, incurious sort of way. Now and then he repeated under his breath the words: "Tricked! ruined!" It was a pitiable sight.

"Mr. Frobisher changed into Mr. Drummond!" exclaimed Dempsey.

"Mr. Drummond changed into Mr. Frobisher!" echoed Dyson.

"My Dick changed into my cousin Frank!" murmured Elma, who was as much bewildered as any one.

"Gracious goodness! who could have believed such a thing?" said Dyson and Dempsey in a helpless sort of way. The situation was so novel, so totally unlooked for, that they were evidently at a loss what to say or do next. Clunie said nothing,

but looked with all her eyes at the little captain. Might not this new and surprising turn of affairs jeopardize to some extent her newly fledged matrimonial projects?

Drummond drew Leyland aside, and explained to him the state of affairs.

"So you are really my nephew Frank after all!" said Mrs. Pebworth through her tears to Frobisher. "I felt sure from the first that none of our family had any right to have red hair."

"Yes; I am your nephew Frank. There's no mistake on that point this time, aunt."

"Well, I always did like you, as I've said many a time, when others were maybe running you down."

"Yes; we always did like you," said Clunie, tapping him playfully with the point of her sunshade.

"Always," echoed Dempsey and Dyson, who had moved closer up.

"I don't know that I can like you a bit better than I did before," continued Mrs. Pebworth. "And as for your friend — what a nice young man he is! — I'm sure that I shan't like him a bit less than I did half an hour since, because he happens to be poor and no connection of the family."

"Mamma, dear!" said Clunie imploringly, with a tug at her mother's sleeve.

"Aunt, you have one of the kindest hearts in the world," said Frank, and with that he stooped and kissed her.

Dempsey and Dyson looked straight over each other's shoulder, and seemed to be gazing into futurity.

Clunie turned to Frank with what she would have called one of her "arch" glances. "You naughty, naughty man to play us all such a trick! But I was never really deceived."

"No; we were never really deceived," chimed in the chorus.

"Any one could see that the real Mr. Drummond was no gentleman." This from Clunie.

"Always had the air of a parvenu." This from Dempsey, whose father had been a successful bacon-contractor.

"Something extremely plebeian about him," piped Dyson.

"We congratulate you most sincerely," continued Clunie.

"Yes, we congratulate you most sincerely," echoed the chorus.

"My dear, kind friends, how heartily I thank you, none but myself can ever tell!" responded Frobisher, with a ring of unmistakable scorn in his voice.

Clunie turned to her mother with a pout. Mr. Dempsey's purple face became still more purple; he coughed behind his hand and stalked away. Captain Dyson let his eyeglass drop; then he pulled up his collar and pulled down his cuffs and tried to look fierce. He was about to follow Dempsey; but Clunie detained him. "After all that has happened, do you still love your little Clunie as much as before?" she whispered. (Little Clunie indeed! She was a head taller than the captain.)

"As much as ever, my sweetest pet. And that reminds me that when I was at Burrumpore —"

She put her hand within his arm, giving it a little squeeze as she did so. "Let us stroll down this alley," she said, "where we shall be quite alone."

Frobisher was crossing towards Miss Deene, when Mr. Pebworth intercepted him. That gentleman had to some extent recovered his assurance by this time. Perhaps, after all, he reflected, things might not turn out quite so desperate as he had at first believed they would. In any case, his best plan was to put a bold front on the affair.

"You must permit me to congratulate you, my dear Frank," he said with a sickly smile, "on the really admirable style in which you played your character of the poor amanuensis. It was a marvellous piece of acting, and you must allow that I did my best to second your efforts. Of course I saw through the little deception from the first — ha, ha! — from the very first. Admirably acted! So true to life!"

Frobisher made no effort to hide the scorn and loathing which these words excited in him. "Mr. Pebworth," he said, "if there is one man in the world whom I hold in more utter contempt than I do another, you are that man."

"For heaven's sake, not so loud! My wife and daughter are close by."

"I changed places with my friend in order to try you. You know the result. I believe you to be an ingrained hypocrite from top to toe. I know you to be a knave — selfish, cunning, and utterly unscrupulous."

"Not so loud, I implore you!"

"You have spoken of your wife. Were it not for her, I would expose you to the world in your true colors. My aunt is a good woman, whom I respect and love — you, I loathe. For her sake I choose to remember the relationship between us, and to keep silence with regard to the past. You know my opinion of you; it is one

which nothing can alter; and the less you and I see of each other in time to come, the better it will be for both of us."

"If my gratitude —"

"Your gratitude, Mr. Pebworth! The word is profaned when it proceeds from the lips of such as you!" With these words, Frobisher turned on his heel and crossed to where the three ladies were standing, wondering and bewildered spectators of all that had happened during the last few minutes.

Never in his life had Mr. Pebworth felt so crestfallen and humiliated. Yet even in this hour of his extremity the brazen hardihood of the man did not quite desert him. Taking out his pocket-book and pencil, he said in a voice which was purposely loud enough for all present to hear: "I quite agree with you, my dear Frank — quite. I will make a memorandum of the matter at once, and consult you with reference to it another day." With that he went back to his seat on the fallen tree, and made a pretence of being busy with his pocket-book and pencil.

Till now, Miss Deene had not spoken a word — she had, in fact, moved a little apart from the others. Frobisher now went up to her and took her hand. "Elma!" he said, and there was a world of tenderness in the way he spoke that one little word.

"Well, sir?" and withdrawing her hand, she looked up into his eyes with a sort of cold surprise.

"You will, I trust, forgive my little deception for the sake of the valuable lesson it has taught me?"

"And pray, Mr. Dick, Tom, Harry, or whatever your name may be, what is the particularly valuable lesson it has taught you?"

"It has taught me that your love has been given me for myself alone. It has taught me that there is one true heart in the world who, believing me poor, would have given up everything for my sake; but who, now that she knows I am rich, will not love me one whit the less for the test to which I have put her."

"You make yourself far too sure on that point. You have treated me shamefully, sir — yes, shamefully!"

"In what way have I treated you shamefully, Elma?" asked Frank, with wide-eyed wonder.

"You led me to expect that I was going to marry a dear, delightful, poor young man, with whom I should lead a happy, struggling, Bohemian sort of existence, in two or three rooms, on a pound or two a

week, doing my own marketing and mending my own clothes. Instead of this, I find myself tied to a commonplace, vulgarly rich individual—just the kind of person that every girl is expected to marry. I call it shameful—shameful!”

Frobisher looked at her as if he scarcely knew whether to be amused or annoyed. At this moment Mrs. Pebworth came up. “What’s the matter now?” she asked, seeing that something was amiss.

“Elma has been making use of bad language because she finds that I’m no longer a poor man.”

“More fool she,” answered Mrs. Pebworth with a touch of asperity. “If she hasn’t sense enough to keep a sweetheart when she’s got one, whether he’s rich or poor, she’ll soon find somebody else in her place. Why, half the girls in the county will be setting their caps at the owner of Waylands before three months are over.”

Miss Deene pricked up her ears. “Fie! aunt. What a character you give your sex!” she said.

“It’s no more than our sex deserve, my dear. There will be quite a competition for Mr. Frobisher, I can tell you.”

“In that case,” said Elma whimsically, “I may as well keep him for myself. Not, you know, because I really care very much for him—but just to spite the other girls.”

“There’s an artful minx!” ejaculated Mrs. Pebworth.

“Then your Serene Highness will condescend to accept me—but not *pro tem*, I hope?” said Frobisher.

“No; not *pro tem*.—but forever and ever,” answered Elma, placing both her hands in his, while the love-light of happiness sprang to her eyes.

What little remains to be told may be told after a very brief fashion.

Clunie got the great desire of her life—a rich husband, who never thwarts her in anything. Captain Dyson achieved one of the desires of his life—a runaway wedding. Mr. Pebworth was distracted at first, but extended a magnanimous forgiveness to the newly married couple on their return from their honeymoon. Captain Dyson came down handsomely in the way of settlements; but to this day he cannot understand why his wife, who had hitherto been one of the most complaisant of listeners, changed so suddenly and unaccountably, and refused point-blank to listen to any more of his narratives, even going so far on one occa-

sion as to impugn the accuracy of his memory and to make use of the words “Stuff and rubbish.” The little man spends much of his time at his club, but melancholy has marked him for her own. He has the look of a man habitually careworn and depressed. Now and then, a gleam of happiness revisits him—when he can button-hole a stranger good-natured enough to listen to him while he narrates some of the surprising adventures of his early life. Young Tom M'Murdo, whose state of chronic impecuniosity is no secret, eats many a good dinner at the captain's expense, and borrows many a sovereign as well—which he takes particular care never to repay—and all because he is the best of listeners, and never even hints the shadow of a doubt as to the truth of what is being told him. It has never dawned on the consciousness of Captain Dyson, and probably never will, that in him nature created a bore of the first magnitude.

One morning very soon after the picnic Mr. Pebworth intimated that business of importance would take him to Liverpool. He had not been many hours in Liverpool before he telegraphed that the business which had taken him to that city would take him still farther—as far even as to America. Mrs. Pebworth was delighted; the voyage would be quite a holiday for Algernon, and the sea-breezes could not fail to benefit his health. But Mr. Pebworth's business, whatever the nature of it might be, evidently required a long time to bring it to a conclusion. Month after month passed away, and Mr. Pebworth wrote home that he still found it impossible to return. At length, at the end of a year and a half, as if disgusted with the whole affair, he died, so that in all probability the business which took him so far will remain unsettled till doomsday. His widow mourned for him in all sincerity. To her he had ever seemed the best of husbands and the best of men; and nobody has been cruel enough to try to deceive her.

Within a week of the picnic, Dick Drummond was back in his old rooms in Soho, which had found no tenant during his absence. At first he felt wretchedly dull and lonely without Frobisher; it seemed as if he had lost a part of himself, which nothing could replace; but Leyland looked in every other evening or so, to cheer him up, on which occasions they smoked innumerable pipes together and discoursed on every subject under the sun. A few other Bohemians would

drop in occasionally, for Dick could now afford to keep open house, and many a song was sung and many a merry story told at such times in the dingy old rooms. But neither to Dick nor Frobisher would the wheels of life have seemed to run pleasantly unless they had been able to see each other often.

It was but an hour's journey from Waylands, and Frobisher was frequently in town. His old easy-chair, his old meerschau, and a hearty grip of the hand, always awaited him in Soho. Occasionally, Elma would call with him, at which times Dick would put down his brush and palette for the day, comb out his golden locks, don another coat, and go in generally for high jinks.

But Waylands did not fail to see Dick a frequent visitor. It was understood that he should spend from Saturday till Monday there — or longer, for the matter of that — as often as he should feel so inclined, and, summer or winter, few week-ends passed without seeing Dick exchange the smoke of London for the pleasant breezes of the Surrey hills. He seemed nearly as much a part of Waylands as Frobisher himself.

As a painter, success came to him in such measure as he deserved. He had a happy faculty of seeing, and of being able to reproduce for others to see, some little trait or incident of every-day life with its touch of humor or pathos, or both combined — some commonplace episode of the great *comédie humaine* — which most people would pass by with unobservant eyes. One such picture of humble life it was that brought him to the front. A certain well-known art-patron saw it, bought it, and caused it to be engraved. The engraving became popular, and had a large sale among that humble class of art-lovers who cannot afford to buy pictures, but who like to see their walls hung with a few good prints or engravings which tend, in one form or other, to illustrate that one touch of nature which is said to make the whole world kin.

Dick had found his groove at last. There was a demand for his pictures for engraving purposes. No one could have been more surprised than the artist himself was.

"You have hit the right nail on the head, and no mistake," said Bence Leyland to him one day. "Now listen to the advice of an old un. Paint slowly; try to make every picture an advance on your last one; and above all, don't flood the

market with your works. It is far better to paint one good picture a year, than half-a-dozen indifferent ones."

Dick has not failed to profit by this advice, and the world prospers with him; but to this day he believes in his secret heart that nature intended him for a delineator of mythological subjects on a grand scale; and he never gazes on his "Andromeda" and other kindred crudities which still adorn the walls of his studio, without a half-regretful shake of the head.

Of Frobisher and Elma, what remains to be said? To no man is it given to withstand the shafts of fate; but with youth, health, and a love that knew no waning or change, their chances of happiness were greater than are granted to most mortals. More than that could not be expected for them.

Frobisher's pen is by no means idle; and, as in the olden days, he still suffers from the alternate pleasures and pangs, disappointments and delights, incident to a literary career. There is some prospect of his pet comedy, "Summer Lightning," written five years ago, and rejected by several London managers, being at length produced at the Royal Frivolity Theatre. What was an impossibility in the case of an obscure literary hack, may have become a possibility in the case of the well-to-do owner of Waylands; for in matters theatrical, as in so many other affairs of life, there are generally wheels within wheels.

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From The Fortnightly Review.

SAMUEL WILBERFORCE.

In July, 1873, Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, met his death by a fall from a stumbling horse on that "cruel sloping meadow," or, as Lord Granville, the bishop's companion, called it, "on a smooth stretch of turf," near Abinger, in Surrey. That fall called forth an echo of wailing all over England. It was felt that one who, take him for all in all, was the foremost prelate in the English Church, had been called away in the twinkling of an eye, in the midst of a career which might have been as useful for the diocese of Winchester as the earlier portion of it had been for that of Oxford, to say nothing of what he might have accomplished in that primacy for which many of his admirers deemed him specially fitted. It was natural, therefore, that with rare ex-

ceptions the death of Samuel Wilberforce should be regarded as a national loss. Writers of all opinions and speakers of every degree of merit vied with one another in extolling the great qualities of the man; and, first and foremost in this latter class, the present prime minister of England offered what has been well called "a magnificent tribute to his memory," in an oration worthy, in its justice and felicity, of Pericles himself. We are now in 1883. Ten years have not passed since Samuel Wilberforce was laid with such honor in the grave amid the lamentations of England. The cruel spectre, however, which dogs the mighty dead has appeared in the shape of three bulky biographical volumes which, however truthful in the main, contain such indiscretions and awkward revelations that a battle is raging over the bones of the bishop; whose memory has been handed over afresh to the great assize of public opinion, which differs from that final judgment which all Christians expect, in that its sentences — pronounced as they are by fallible creatures — are seldom tempered with either charity or mercy. In this state of things the fame of the late bishop is in danger of being stained by vulgar obloquy, and the beauty of his character obscured by a cloud of apocryphal anecdotes which have sprung up in the heat of controversy like midges after a summer shower. It will be well then to survey the life of Samuel Wilberforce, and without extenuating his faults to sketch the character and career of one who, beyond all doubt, filled for so long a time so prominent a position in the world and the Church.

And first and foremost, let us discard all consideration of what Samuel Wilberforce might have been, and look steadfastly on what he was. Of him, as of Cardinal Newman, Bishop Philpotts, and so many other great men, it has been said that he had mistaken his calling, and ought to have been prime minister or lord chancellor. Something of this belief, if he ever had one, may have passed through the mind of Lord Westbury when he told the bishop that he was the only clergyman he had ever met "who had a mind;" nay, it may have presented itself to Samuel Wilberforce himself when he wrote early in 1846 to his dearest woman friend, Miss Noel, "I took my seat, as I think I told you, in the House of Lords on the first day of the session. You know how all such real business interests me, but I feel as if I should never take

any part in debate, though some day I shall. The impediment of the lawn sleeves must be very great and entangling." In saying this Samuel Wilberforce only showed that he was many-sided, and could have turned his hand or his tongue to other cares and duties than those which concern the Church; but our business is with what he was, at first a parish priest, and at last a great prelate of the Church; as for his premiership or chancellorship, they must remain in the limbo of unconditional possibilities.

Brought up carefully and tenderly by his famous father, Samuel Wilberforce soon showed a resolution and determination of character and, let us add, a common sense, which were wanting in his brothers. For an instance of his determination, when only twelve years old, the world is indebted, not to Canon Ashwell or Mr. Reginald Wilberforce, but to Mr. Mozley — no great admirer, as far as we can judge, of Samuel Wilberforce. At that early age he quarrelled with his tutor, and demanded to be sent home at once. When the tutor demurred, the boy threw himself in the road, in the very track of a score or two of London coaches, and "announced his intention of staying there till he was sent back. After he had remained there several hours the tutor struck his colors and Samuel was sent home." Such an obstinate, wicked boy in a story-book would infallibly have been eaten up by a lion, like Don't-Care, but in real life, as we shall see, he became Bishop Wilberforce, no doubt owing his advancement to that determined spirit which in after years kept him straight in the Established Church, while his weaker relatives rushed one after the other down the steep place to Rome like a flock — of sheep.

For other particulars of the bishop's early life we must also turn to Mr. Mozley. Even as a young man Samuel was distinguished from his brothers, and especially from Henry, by his self-confidence — some may call it conceit; but that is only the same thing called by a bad name by those who try to find a stick to beat a dog. How was it that Henry Wilberforce, when he went to a meeting, was sometimes late, and always a listener; while Samuel, though he was often as late as his brother, was always asked up on the platform and always a speaker? This question was answered, we are told, by Samuel himself. "He was perfectly aware that he had something to say, that the people would be glad to hear it, and that

it would do them good." Full of this conviction, while his brother shrunk back, Samuel gradually worked his way through the crowd and caught the eye of some friend on the platform. Presently there would be a voice heard, "Please make way for Mr. Wilberforce!" Once at the elevation which some people who cannot speak have found so dangerous, we have no doubt that Samuel Wilberforce poured out to the delighted meeting the first fruits of that persuasive eloquence which so enchanted his hearers on many platforms where he could speak with greater authority. In a word, he had that wonderful power of speech which, in our benighted days, so largely supplies the want of the miraculous gift of tongues of the Apostolic age. To the very end he felt sure that he had something to say, that it was good for his hearers, and that they would be ready to listen.

These great gifts, added to a first-class in mathematics and a second in classics, might have condemned Samuel Wilberforce to an Oxford fellowship, where, like Isaac Williams, Oakeley, and even his censor Mozley himself, he might have become one of the satellites revolving round the eccentric orb of Newman, attracted by its as yet uncertain light. But this was not to be; human nature asserted her sway, and shortly after taking his degree in 1828 Samuel Wilberforce was married to Miss Sargent, to whom, indeed, he had been for years virtually engaged; and having interest in the Church, was in 1830 presented to the pleasant living of Brighstone, in the Isle of Wight. We say that he had interest in the Church, for the two Bishops Sumner, who were related to him, contended which should secure him for his diocese. J. B. Sumner, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, offered him Ribchester, near Stonyhurst, in the north-west, while Charles Sumner, Bishop of Winchester, carried him away to Brighstone. Thus, while still under five-and-twenty, Samuel Wilberforce was already married, and entering on his career as a beneficed clergyman. Under these circumstances, and with such friends on the bench of bishops, many a man would have rested idly on his oars and waited for preferment. At the end of his career he might have aspired to be an archdeacon, and his wildest dreams of clerical ambition would have been realized if he had attracted the attention of a prime minister and been named a dean. Samuel Wilberforce was not the man to rest on his oars; to use a vulgar ex-

pression, he knew how to paddle his own canoe; and having made himself known and appreciated, not only by his diocesan but by the rest of the world, he had not long to wait for preferment. We say not long, though he stayed nearly ten years at Brighstone; but what are ten years in the life of an average clergyman, vegetating, as most of them are doomed to do for thirty or forty years, in the most uncongenial surroundings! During these ten years his worst enemy could not have accused the rector of Brighstone of vegetating. On the contrary, as Canon Ashwell says, it would be difficult to imagine a mind or a temperament of more ceaseless activity. He was neither a great reader nor a mere student nor a profound thinker, but he was a man of action, and public questions were his delight. If he had any relaxations he found them in botany, and especially in ornithology. Then, as all his life through, his love of birds as well as his knowledge of their notes and habits were most remarkable. Once indeed he was known to have forgiven a little boy for the heinous offence of breaking through a hedge because he did it to show the bishop a rare bird. As to his religious opinions, he was a Churchman, and what is called a High Churchman, from the first; but he soon learned to mistrust the Tractarian movement in Oxford, and like many other men who maintain an independent line of their own, he fell as it were between the two theological schools. The Low Churchmen, or old Evangelicals, led by Golightly, regarded him on the verge of Romanism, while the adherents of Newman, Pusey and Keble looked on him at best as a wolf in sheep's clothing. Thus, in 1836, he writes to his friend Anderson as to the Oxford movement: "I fear they are pushing things too far; it is the view of baptism which seems to me to be pushed too far: I mean the deadly state to which they picture sin after baptism to reduce men." In the same spirit he did all in his power to persuade Newman and his party to add their names to the committee for erecting the Martyrs' Memorial at Oxford; but his efforts were fruitless, and the breach between him and the movement party was widened by Newman's refusal to accept his articles for the *British Critic*. Meantime his worldly affairs prospered; his works, such as "Agathos," and his sermons, and, though last not least, his father's "Life," were profitable. By the death of both his wife's brothers he became possessed of

the estate of Lavington, and continued for the rest of his life to pride himself on being a Sussex squire.

During his incumbency of Brighthelm various attempts were made to lure him away from that peaceful rectory where his existence, surrounded by his wife and children, was purely idyllic. Now it was dingy St. Dunstan's-in-the-West; now Tonbridge Wells Chapel, dedicated, as we believe it is, to that doubtful saint King Charles I.; now, most perplexing of all, Leeds, with its wide sphere of usefulness and in his own Yorkshire too, but also with its load of heavy work and its suffocating coal-smoke. All these were, for one reason or another, declined with thanks. Samuel Wilberforce was happy in his rectory and in his favor with his bishop, though even then he wished his diocesan had more advanced Church views. His was indeed a proud position; he was everywhere a favorite, fast rising to be the most popular preacher and speaker of the day, with full liberty to go where he chose and to speak as he chose — a liberty indeed of which on one occasion at least he availed himself to the full when, at the meeting of a Diocesan Church Building Society, he measured swords with the veteran Lord Palmerston; attacking him with an ability and eloquence which quite carried away his hearers, but with so much vehemence that the Duke of Wellington, who was in the chair, would have called him to order had he not feared to divert the stream of indignant eloquence on himself. "I assure you," he said, "I would have faced a battery sooner." This was the beginning of the bishop's rooted antipathy for Lord Palmerston, whom he considered as untrustworthy in Church matters as he believed him to be time-serving in his general policy. In the one opinion he was probably as right from a High Churchman's point of view as he was wrong in the other as a politician. On his own part he met with some trouble from the hostile criticisms with which his father's "Life," the most laborious literary work on which he was ever engaged, was received by some of the old slave emancipationists. One of his letters to his brother Robert on this subject ends thus: "*Quare*, have I hardness enough not to be ground to powder between the Evangelical and Newman mills?"

He was now drawing near, unconsciously to himself, to the period at which he was destined to leave Brighthelm. He was made for a wider and more troublous

sphere than that peaceful parsonage. "No man," says one of his biographers, "was ever more devoted to his calling, first as a simple clergyman, and afterwards as a bishop of the Church of God, than Samuel Wilberforce; but no man ever realized more thoroughly the fact that social institutions are a portion of the providential order of things, and that the spiritual and the so-called secular ought to be reciprocally strengthened and benefited by mutual connection and alliance." To do this, like St. Paul Samuel Wilberforce made himself all things to all men, and this will account for the fact that this consistent High Churchman spent a great part of his life in the company of men such for instance as the mystical Bunsen, whose religious notions varied very widely from his own. For the same reason, probably, he joined about the same time the "Sterling" Club, which, by leave of Canon Ashwell, if in the Elysian Fields he can give any leave, was called after John Sterling, the founder, and not from any pun on the intrinsic worth of its members. "Birds of a feather," the proverb says, "flock most together," but a list of the original members of the club will show how widely different those birds were in their plumage and opinions. But neither the cheery diocese of Winchester nor the social life of London were sufficient for his spirit. The end of his Brighthelm incumbency was signaled by an adventurous autumn flight, in 1839, into the diocese of Exeter on a roving mission on behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. At first Henry of Exeter "screamed" at the idea that he was to attend the "deputation," as it was called, and listen to the same speaker for weeks together. He seemed to think that it was possible to have too much even of a Wilberforce. But though he screamed he yielded, and when it was all over declared that, whereas he expected to be dreadfully bored, he had on the contrary been greatly instructed. For ourselves, we are not bishops, and we humbly think that if it be part of a prelate's privilege to accompany the same man over fifteen hundred miles for ten weeks of incessant speaking and preaching, we would much rather that any one than ourselves should be elevated to the bench. Be that as it may, this progress of the bishop and the deputation through the diocese was most cheering, the pecuniary results were large, and the moral worth enormous. It was while Samuel Wilberforce was on this tour that

the archdeaconry of Surrey fell vacant, and the Bishop of Winchester, after ample consideration, as was the manner of prelates in the good old time, bestowed it, with universal approbation, except from the *Record*, on Samuel Wilberforce. Shortly afterwards he made his first great appearance in London on moving a resolution on behalf of the Propagation Society in the Egyptian Hall at the Mansion House. By this time, perhaps by the practice acquired during that autumn tour, his voice and manner had reached their full perfection, "and the effect of his profound fervor was heightened rather than diminished by his youthful appearance." "From that day," says Canon Ashwell, "his reputation as a public speaker was established." And now preferments and honors fell fast upon him. He attracted the notice of Prince Albert, who made him one of his chaplains; the canonry of Winchester, with which the archdeaconry was to be endowed, fell vacant, and he was installed. The Heads of Houses in Oxford appointed him to preach the Bampton Lectures for 1841; and though last, not least, the bishop offered him the important living of Alverstoke, which he accepted, thus severing that happy connection with Brighthelm which had lasted ten years and three months.

Hardly had he removed to Alverstoke, when, in the midst of all this happiness and prosperity, a blow fell upon him which taught him how inscrutable are the ways of Providence in dealing with man. On the 15th of February, 1841, his fourth son, Basil, was born. On Monday, the 7th of March, the archdeacon entered in his diary, "Finished Bampton Lecture No. 2"—the second of a series destined never to be delivered. Next comes "serious alarms" for his wife—Locock summoned from London on the 8th—and on the morning of the 10th she had passed away. To any man of ordinary feeling such a blow must be crushing for the time, but to Samuel Wilberforce the effect was, we are told—and we believe it—deep and permanent. The idle and the cynical, those who only saw him in the heyday of society in after life, will say that his loss was soon forgotten. They little know—no one knew till those diaries and letters were published, which throw such light into that Holy of Holies in which Samuel Wilberforce treasured up his most sacred things—how constant his affection for his lost wife continued to the end. That sad anniversary never passed by

without due commemoration; and his children well remember how, in after years, amidst all the tide of business, the day was strictly kept; the great sorrow remaining as fresh as if it had only just befallen the family. So that, on his very last visit to Lavington, scarce a month before he died in 1873, he wrote thus to his daughter-in-law: "My dead seemed so near me in my solitude; each one following another and speaking calm and hope to me, and reunion when He will."

In one respect the year 1841 was a turning-point in the career of Samuel Wilberforce, in that it called him from the joys of domestic to more stirring scenes of public and religious life, while the sorrow which had seared his heart steeled and hardened it for the conflicts and contradictions which it was his lot thenceforth to undergo. His first troubles came from Oxford, where, as we have seen some years before, he thought the movement party were pushing things too far. 1841 was the year of Tract No. 90, of the Protest of the Four Tutors, and of the hurried resolution of the Heads of Houses. The *odium theologicum* was let loose, and, to make matters still worse, there was a contest for the professorship of poetry, in which Isaac Williams was put forward by Newman's party, and Garbett by the Heads of Houses. We need hardly say that Archdeacon Wilberforce sided with Garbett and maintained his position, though it led to a difference of opinion with Mr. Gladstone, who proposed that both the candidates should withdraw from the contest. In the end the Heads prevailed, and Mr. Garbett, who, as Mr. Mozley asserts, had never written a line of poetry in his life, was elected in preference to Mr. Williams, who had. Besides this triumph, the Archdeacon's sorrow was relieved by the necessity of a visit to Windsor to preach before the queen and Prince Albert. There he gave the greatest satisfaction, and beyond doubt was, up to his appointment as Bishop of Oxford, the most popular ecclesiastic about the court. Nothing could be kinder than the way in which he was received by the royal family. It was even hinted, and perhaps expected, that he would undertake the onerous duty of becoming the Prince of Wales's tutor. Meantime there was more trouble at Oxford, arising out of the outrageous "Ideal of a Christian Church," published by Mr. Ward. The strength of parties was again tried on the condemnation of the book and the degradation of its author, both of which were carried in Convocation, when

the archdeacon voted against his old friends supported by Mr. Gladstone.

In 1845 more promotion was put upon him. In March he was appointed Dean of Westminster, and in October Bishop of Oxford, both under the premiership of Sir Robert Peel, on which occasion Prince Albert wrote him a very remarkable letter, imparting his views on the position of a bishop in the House of Lords. After this elevation it cannot be said that he was ever so popular at court as he had been as archdeacon and dean. Though he had been hard enough to escape crushing by the Newman or upper millstone, it remained to be seen whether he would be as fortunate with the Low Church, or nether millstone.

As Bishop of Oxford, Samuel Wilberforce entered into possession of what would now be called a very neglected diocese. In those days it was very much in the condition of Israel when every man — and certainly every clergyman — did what was right in his own eyes. Perhaps it was not so bad as when Bishop Bagot had refused to take over the county of Bucks, because his brother of Lincoln described the condition of the clergy in that county as "Top-boots or Exeter Hall," but still it had no real episcopal supervision. This lax rule especially favored the views of the Romanizing party, but it was too pleasant to last, and though Dr. Pusey, who after Newman's secession, in A.D. 1845, became the head of the party, in a coaxing letter which he wrote to the bishop-elect after his election by the Chapter of Christ Church, reminded him that God's providence had been wonderfully shown in the character of the bishop "whom he has given us for the last sixteen years, and now again in our not having one such as some with whom we had been threatened," "and trusting that your coming here is an act of the same graciousness," Samuel Wilberforce was too wary to fall in with that view of things. On the contrary, his opinion of the late bishop's rule was pretty plainly expressed to one from whom he had no secrets. Writing to Miss Noel, even before he was enthroned, he says: "I have read the Bishop of Oxford's (Bishop Bagot's) parting charge; I should have liked it in ordinary times; but feeling that his conduct had, more than any secondary thing, helped on our fearful troubles and divisions, I could not but regret its tone." To Pusey himself he replied shortly, while acknowledging the kindness of his tone, that "the language held in his published writings was not to

be reconciled with the doctrinal formulas of the Church of England." That was his deliberate view, and to that he adhered to the end. But he had other work to do in his diocese than to correspond on doctrinal differences, however important. To his organizing mind the see of Oxford was as a cornfield run to waste, and he set about reclaiming and tilling it to the best of his power. Even in those comparatively modern days, a working bishop was an ecclesiastical phenomenon, a *lusus Providentiæ*, which to some minds seemed to portend the downfall of the whole episcopal bench. Even at the present day there are members — or at least there was one member of the University of Oxford, a year or two ago, who could recollect "when a Bishop of Oxford never drove into Oxford without four horses and two powdered footmen; and what does Sam do? He gets upon a horse and rides in by himself, without so much as a groom behind him! I met him myself to-day." All this was quite shocking to the ideas of propriety of an elder but more dignified generation, who were not at all shocked at hearing that the Bishop of Llandaff could reside permanently in the Lake district; that confirmations were few and far between; that on those rare occasions the candidates were brought into country towns by thousands, like cattle driven to a fair, and with as much disorder and indecency as prevails at any fair. A candidate for orders only had to write a bit of Latin prose and was passed by the bishop, if the family were so fortunate as to be acquainted with such an excellent personage, with an inquiry as to the welfare of his father and mother. All these things were possible — nay, they were probable — in almost every diocese in England before Samuel Wilberforce became Bishop of Oxford; but it was not his ideal of a bishop that he should live idle on an ecclesiastical Olympus, like the gods of Epicurus. His ideal of a bishop's life was work; up to this ideal he lived, and in this ideal he died. According to him, as Canon Ashwell well says, "the bishop was to be as much the mainspring of all spiritual and religious energy in his diocese as a parochial clergyman is bound to be in his parish. Incessant in his visitations and accessible to all, he insisted on his clergy following the same rule." "*Esse quam videri* is a maxim," he said to Mr. Ashwell, "which has its application; but for a clergyman the *videri* is essential to his having even the chance of realizing the *esse* in his actual work. How

are people to come to you for what you are ready to *be* and to *do*, if you do not take care that what you are and what you do be seen and known?" Do we not here see, in this young bishop raised to be the terror of his indolent elders, the resolute and determined boy who threw himself flat on the road, the pushing, ready young man who always made his way to the front and on to the platform, the zealous parish priest, the indefatigable archdeacon, the eloquent and unwearied speaker who could melt the stony heart and satisfy the critical taste of Henry of Exeter, — at last promoted to his proper place when he became a working bishop of the Church of England? Even his own relatives feared that he would become what they called a hack bishop; but he held on his course, ready to hack and be hacked for the sake of the Church, as he conceived it ought to be. He imagined it as that lofty city set on a hill with its foundations rather deep than broad, the light of the world, to be seen of men, not put under a bushel. Like other men, bishops must be judged by their works. During the quarter of a century before the episcopate of Bishop Wilberforce, official records show that only twenty-two new churches had been built in Oxfordshire, Berks, and Bucks, four rebuilt, and eight restored and enlarged. For the four-and-twenty years of his episcopate the corresponding totals are: new churches, one hundred and six; churches rebuilt, fifteen; churches restored, two hundred and fifty. As for the patronage of the see, that most powerful means for providing for a deserving working clergy, the bishop found himself at first with only fourteen livings to give away, but owing to his exertions and intercessions he left it with one hundred and three, of which no less than ninety-five were in his diocese.

Compared with these labors and successes, his trials and tribulations as a bishop were as dust in the balance. They were, no doubt, mortifying to him as a man, but as a model bishop it mattered little to him whether he were faced by the passive resistance of Dr. Pusey or by the sullen obstinacy of Dr. Hampden, aided by the Broad Church views of Lord John Russell and the Ecclesiastical Courts. From whatever cause, it is certain that he never was such a *grata persona* at Windsor after his "insincere," as some called them, proceedings in the Hampden controversy. This naturally was a great grief to one of his sympathetic and self-

asserting nature. He had carried forbearance to weakness in his dealings with Pusey, and he had prepared not one but several bridges for that sullen elephantine heretic Hampden to pass over, but he would not. What could it all mean? Did men think him insincere? Why did not the sun shine so brightly on him at Windsor as before? At the close of the Hampden difficulty he sought counsel of Sir Robert Peel, who gave him the same advice as a particular, which Prince Albert laid down as a general, rule: "In a doubtful case do nothing." Peel himself had been called "insincere," but the bishop knew he was honest, and that was a consolation. He was not worse off than a prime minister. But the cold shade at Windsor continued and chilled his blood, not, as his son explains, because he expected any "personal advantage" from court favor, but because it deprived him of "unrivalled opportunities of usefulness." He felt this so keenly that, in 1855, when his friend Lord Aberdeen went out of office, he begged him to disabuse the minds of the queen and the prince of any distrust which they might entertain of his dishonesty. "If that honest heart of our queen could once believe that I rather would die than breathe a dishonest thought, I should be a happier man." The interview which the earl sought on this occasion with the queen and the prince, ended by the prince saying, "He, the bishop, does everything for some object. He has a motive for all his conduct." To which Lord Aberdeen rejoined, "Yes, sir, but when a bad motive?" This was not very satisfactory, but worse remained behind. In October, 1855, at Balmoral, the earl renewed the conversation, when it became evident that the cause of Prince Albert's change of opinion towards the bishop arose from a suspicion on the prince's part as to the bishop's "sincerity or disinterestedness." One instance was, that in earlier life he had sought the preceptorship to the Prince of Wales. Another, that after preaching on a well-known text, he had somewhat unduly modified his own views to suit those advanced by the prince in an after discussion. We need hardly say that when these points were stated to the bishop he had a satisfactory explanation. As for the preceptorship, the thought of it had been his "special horror." He did not "think himself fit for it," and that it would draw him from things for which he was fit. As for the sermon, it was on the herd of swine, preached long ago

when the prince was "most friendly." The prince had raised all possible objections to spirits of evil, which Bishop Wilberforce contested, saying at last that it was far better to "believe in a devil who suggested evil to us," for that otherwise we were driven to "make every one his own devil." That was the story how the dark cloud arose, but there must have been something more. No one, much less a prince, is bound to give all his reasons when driven into a corner. It is satisfactory to think that in later days that cloud passed away, and that if Bishop Wilberforce never quite resumed his old place in the royal favor, he was still so graciously treated by the queen and the rest of the royal family that he might well have been an object of envy to many of his brethren, and even have been satisfied himself.

But these were mere vexations and mortifications — thorns in his flesh sent to humble and chasten him. He had greater griefs, besides that abiding sorrow for his wife. Death came again to his house, and carried off Herbert, his sailor son. One of his daughters-in-law, of whom he was very fond, was carried off at an early age; and, though last not least, one after another his brothers died, as it were, to the English Church and went over to the Church of Rome, which, in the agony of his heart when the last blow fell on him in the secession of his daughter and her husband, he might, with his conviction of her dangerous doctrines, be forgiven for calling "that cloaca of abominations." We very much doubt whether the death of Robert Wilberforce, in 1857, affected him nearly so much as his secession, for he considered the slavery and death of the mind as much worse than mere bodily decease. Even these great griefs, however, he wrestled with and put under his feet. No doubt it was a great trial to miss at least one archbishopric, and to see one of Palmerston's bishops, whom in 1861 he enters in his diary as "very disagreeable," promoted over his head to the northern province. Again on Archbishop's Longley's death, that "ignorant" and "utterly unprincipled" Disraeli, so far from offering him the primacy, would not even mention his name to the queen for the see of London vacated by Tait. Had he gained that he might have waited for the "crowning mercy" of Canterbury, of course not for any other reason than that it would have offered him "unrivalled opportunities for

usefulness." But even for those disappointments he had some compensation, when in September, 1869, his constant friend Mr. Gladstone, in a "most kind letter," told him that "the time was come for him to seal the general verdict," and asked if he might name him to the queen for Winchester. The work was harder, there was a diocese to organize afresh, added to all the cares and troubles of South London. It was a hard trial to leave that Oxford which he had builded out of the most discordant materials, and to set to work to raise a fresh fabric in Winchester; but he never shrunk from work. He accepted the new see with all its toil, and even in the few years of his episcopate did wonders in reorganizing the diocese. In one thing he was strong beyond measure — in the number of his clergy who were devoted to him. "There is one thing," said Mr. Disraeli in 1868, "in the Bishop of Oxford which strikes me even more than his eloquence; it is the wonderful faculty he possesses of gathering round him so many like-minded with himself for work."

But even before his elevation to Winchester he had ample compensation. At Cuddesdon, in his humble palace, close by the religious seminary which he so loved, he could console himself as he looked at his diocese with the sight of new churches rising and old ones restored, while under his very eye such men as Liddon were training students who would fill them with worthy worship. For five-and-twenty years that ecclesiastical fabric grew day by day, till it was almost perfect, when he handed it over to his successor. If he went to town he found himself a power wherever he might be; in the House of Lords a statesman prelate, a trusty ally, and a dangerous opponent. All who remember his passages of arms with his great antagonist, Lord Westbury, will know that he administered many a castigation to that able and unscrupulous peer, who with all his dexterity was utterly wanting in that moral force which, wedded to persuasive eloquence, so often convinced his hearers that the bishop must be in the right. It was often the bishop's fate to be worsted in debates on Church matters, even in his own creation Convocation; but it was generally felt that while the divisions might be against him the force of argument was on his side. Two pet aversions he had, and this feeling is warmly exhibited in his diaries and letters. These

were Palmerston and Disraeli. We have seen how early in life he attacked the former with a vehemence which later on was turned into bitterness at what he termed his profligate episcopal appointments. With Disraeli in Church matters he had no patience, thinking him utterly ignorant of the very meaning of a Church, and only caring how he might fill up vacant sees so as to best serve electioneering purposes. Had he lived a little longer he might have seen this same Disraeli placing some of the fittest clergymen in the country on the episcopal bench. But by that time both the bishop and Lord Beaconsfield might have become more wise. Sir Robert Peel he respected; Lord Aberdeen he looked on as his firmest friend; but the great object of his love and admiration was, beyond all doubt, Mr. Gladstone, whose future greatness he predicted, like a true prophet, long before the idea of its fulfilment had even risen on the coming premier's mind. It is a test of such true friendship that differences of opinion on what each considered very vital matters never veiled this lasting friendship with more than a passing cloud. They were friends in youth and friends in death. Nor let it be forgotten that it was given to the bishop to elicit from Mr. Gladstone, when Oxford and the Church rejected the worthiest of their sons, one of the noblest letters that could be written on that sad separation, in which he says: "There have been two great deaths or transmigrations of spirit in my political existence—one very slow, the breaking of ties with my original party; the other, very short and sharp, the breaking of the tie with Oxford. There will probably be a third, and no more." When the bishop, with the importunate eagerness of affection, asked what those mysterious last words meant, all the answer he got was, "The oracular sentence has little bearing on present affairs or prospects, and may stand in its proper darkness." Well might the bishop and all who heard these dark words feel as though they were facing the sphinx, and say, "We cannot tell what he means;" but then we remember that the sphinx had an awkward habit of swallowing up those who could not guess her riddles. Mr. Gladstone is more merciful to his admirers; he sets them riddles, and swallows up his opponents or tears them to pieces, which was another habit of the sphinx.

We have said of Samuel Wilberforce

that he was many-sided. Narrow-minded people who only knew one side of him were as amazed when he turned round and they found that he had another side, as astronomers would be if the moon were to turn and show us her back. Those who only knew him as a hard-working bishop devoted to his diocese could scarcely believe the stories which were told of his brilliancy in society by those worldlings whose conception of a bishop and his duties were of the haziest kind. But it has been well said that it is a poor musical instrument that has but one tune. There are barrel-organs no doubt that have but one tune, just as there are bores who are incessantly harping on the same theme, but with Bishop Wilberforce in social life the difficulty was to find any subject on which he could not discourse with fascinating eloquence. He seemed too as he sat by your side to know you better than you knew yourself, and to worm himself into your confidence almost against your will. It was this magnetic power which made him so powerful as a preacher, so that his sermons were as it were addressed to each individual in the church and not to the congregation at large. "Did I not know," said the Prince of Canino after hearing a sermon preached before a meeting of *savans* at Oxford—"did I not know that auricular confession was forbidden in the Church of England, I should have thought the bishop had been the father confessor of every one of us wise men, he did know so well all our little faults and sins." Lady Lyttelton, too, no mean observer, wrote in 1842, during that golden time at Windsor when no one had yet called Samuel Wilberforce "insincere:" "The real delight of this visit is the presence of Archdeacon Wilberforce. I never saw a more agreeable man, and if such a Hindoo were to be found I think he would go far to convert me and lead me to Juggernaut. . . . He never parades his religious feelings. They are only the *climate* of his mind; talents, knowledge, eloquence, liveliness, all evidently Christian." For another instance of his versatility and self-confidence we must again turn to Mr. Mozley. The scene is laid at Grindelwald, and Mr. Mozley was an eyewitness. It was Sunday, and the bishop had preached in English in the morning on the duty of English people showing themselves Christians in a strange country. A very necessary injunction, we may remark, not only then but now; for

as foreigners very respectable at home have suddenly developed murderous propensities when birds of passage in England, so Englishmen often when abroad seem to have left every sign of their being, not to say Christians, but even gentlemen behind them. But to return to the bishop. In the afternoon Mr. Mozley stayed away, but the bishop went to the German service. When it was over Mr. Mozley saw from his window, which commanded the road, the congregation streaming out of the church headed by two figures, the bishop and the pastor, deep in discussion of "a deep, sonorous utterance." "One could not but be struck with the courage of an Englishman," says Mr. Mozley, "entering into a controversy with a German in German, for such I suppose was the language, in the midst of his own people. The bishop gave us an account of the conversation as if it had been all in English." Very remarkable no doubt, but the man who had faced so many opponents on platforms and in debate could not have found a simple-minded German pastor such a very formidable antagonist even in his own parish. Once only in our own recollection do we remember the Bishop of Oxford silenced by a rejoinder. In general, after he appeared to have spent all his shafts he had still one bitter arrow left to pierce his foe. It was at a meeting for the restoration of the Chapter House at Westminster, now, thanks to the liberality of Mr. Gladstone when chancellor of the exchequer, most beautifully restored, but then in a deplorable state of ruin. All present were agreed that the building must be restored, but where was the money to come from? "Certainly not from us," cried the dean and chapter. "Our Chapter House was taken away from us by King Edward I. It is no child of ours. We look upon it altogether as a *dantiosa hereditas*." "That being so," said a very insignificant person at the meeting, "why should not the Ecclesiastical Commission restore it?" "Ah!" said the bishop with a sneer, "that is a cow which everybody wishes to milk." "Yes, my lord," retorted that very insignificant person; "but you cannot deny that it is a cow which eats an enormous quantity of grass,"—and the bishop was speechless.

We have now nearly fulfilled our purpose. Our view is that Samuel Wilberforce, after his adversaries have said their worst of him, was a very great man, an

honor to the Church, and, what is better still, an ornament and even a glory to England in his generation. Of course he had faults, but what man has not? He was called "insincere," but that only means that neither extreme in what used to be called the Church of England were content with his persisting in that *via media* which used to be the boast of our Protestant Church. He suffered much the same treatment at the hands of those two contending factions as moderate partakers of wine have to bear from the advocates of total abstinence. With them moderation is the downward path, and so it was with Samuel Wilberforce between the two millstones worked on the one hand by Dr. Pusey, and on the other by Mr. Golightly. Each party tried to crush him in its peculiar way, but he proved the sincerity of his convictions by the courage with which he maintained them to the end, after having exhausted, both in the case of Dr. Pusey and of Dr. Hampden, every means to get them to reconcile their teaching with what he conceived to be the doctrines of the Church of England. He failed in each case, but that was rather on the principle that you may bring a horse to the water, but no power on earth except himself can make him drink. His consolation must have been that day by day in the Church of England more of the moderate party came over to his views. "How is it," said a layman of high position and undoubted sincerity a year or two ago—"how is it that I, who half a century ago was called a High Churchman, am now looked upon by some young men who shall be nameless as little better than a Dissenter?" The reason, we think, is not far to seek. There are "developments" in the Church of England as well as out of it. The thing that has been is not the thing that shall be, either in politics or religion; but until the outposts shall have been engaged in many a struggle with varying success, the great bulk of the army which represents the common sense of the nation is content to stand at ease until the day comes when it too shall feel called on to strike; though it will remain to be seen whether it will use its weapons for or against those who have been so long skirmishing at the front.

A word or two about the "indiscretions" which have been complained of in these volumes. No doubt the revelations and personal remarks with which the bishop's diaries are full might have been

avoided by more careful editing. The conversations of the bishop with the late Dean of Windsor, with Lord Ampthill, and with Mr. Nisbet Hamilton on the Scotch Church in general and on the Rev. Norman Macleod in particular ought not to have been published, the two first as being strictly private and confidential, and the last because Mr. Nisbet Hamilton was in no way a representative of the Church across the border. But having admitted this, we must add that those of the public which have raised this outcry are very hard to please. They expect their curiosity to be tickled by such revelations, and having devoured them with glee, they say, "Out upon such a fellow and revealer of secrets; he has added a new terror to death." Now we for good reasons have very great sympathy with an unfortunate literary executor placed in the position of Mr. Reginald Wilberforce. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind" to him, and we quite share his feeling of disappointment when, having used the pruning-knife so freely, and thrown a much greater mass of "indiscreet" matter under the table, this tumult should have arisen over a few stray leaves that may have escaped his notice during the process of excision. If the reading public are so eager to see how great men have lived, and to be in a position to behold them working like bees in a glass hive in the broad light of day, they must not blame editors who consult their tastes by publishing some indiscreet scraps of gossip for their edification. Perhaps they would like to return to the days when nothing was to be printed till fifty or a hundred years after the writer's death; that is until it has lost most of its interest. As we none of us expect to attain to the years of Methuselah, or even to those of the venerable Dr. Routh, we think it is better to let things stand as they are, that great men's lives should be published within a reasonable period after their death, due regard being had to the difficulty of the undertaking in each case; that editors should endeavor to discharge their duty with proper discretion, but that public opinion should not be too severe on them if they are occasionally caught tripping. A little more of such indignation as has been expressed against Mr. Reginald Wilberforce, and all future biographies, letters, and diaries, will be published in the United States, where, if readers are as curious as ours, they are not so hard on those who provide them both with instruction and amusement.

G. W. DASENT.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

#### POETS AND NIGHTINGALES.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD in his recent elegy on "Poor Matthias," the pet canary, laments the unhappy lot of birds, who never find,

do all they can,  
Passage from their souls to man.

If this be so, it is certainly owing to no lack of interpreters, for almost every poet has made devoted attempts to translate their various melodies. Perhaps the original strains are still the most expressive to those who have music in themselves; but in many cases the poet seems to out-sing the bird, and to give a deeper meaning to her utterance.

This is especially true in the case of the nightingale, who enjoys the happy distinction of being the poets' favorite. Her chief rival in their good graces is, perhaps, the eagle, with whose royal aloofness, however, only the kings of men can fully sympathize. The stock-dove's "homely tale" was dear to Wordsworth; but, as Shelley said of the skylark's rapturous song, it is all too bright and good for this workaday world, and we miss the undertone of earthly passion. It is in the lingering evenings of early summer, when the soft, brown air woos us with its quiet melancholy to forget the strain of life, and lulls without satisfying the heart, that the voice of the nightingale, breaking on the ear, "from some grove nigh," never fails, by the contrast of its deep emotion with the general tranquillity, to wake an echo in every poetic nature. On such an evening Keats translated the bird's music into that "strangest, saddest, sweetest song" the world has ever heard — perhaps the most perfect expression in all literature of the sickness of hope deferred and unsatisfied aspirations, of

Infinite passion, and the pain  
Of finite hearts that yearn.

One need hardly apologize for quoting the dear familiar lines, which take a deeper pathos when we remember that the writer was then actually on the eve of death: —

Darkling I listen; and for many a time

I have been half in love with careful Death,  
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,

To take into the air my quiet breath;

Now more than ever seems it rich to die,

To cease upon the midnight with no pain,

While thou art pouring forth thy soul  
abroad

In such an ecstasy!

Still would'st thou sing, and I have ears in  
vain—

To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!  
No hungry generations tread thee down;  
The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
In ancient days by emperor and clown:

Perhaps the selfsame song that found a path  
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick  
for home,

She stood in tears amid the alien corn;

The same that oft-times hath

Charm'd magic casements, opening on the  
foam

Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

This is the nightingale's crown of song  
—the truest and most tuneful note she  
has ever drawn from the heart of man.  
But from the days of Homer down to our  
own times her passionate strain has been  
echoed by almost every poet, in different  
keys of feeling.

The Greeks accounted for the "fiery  
heart" in that little body by legends  
which gave a human object to her lamen-  
tations. She was once a woman, *Ædon*,  
the wife of *Zethus*, king of *Thebes*, to  
whom she bore but one child, a son named  
*Itylus*. Now, *Niobe*, the wife of *Am-  
phion*, her husband's twin-brother, had  
six sons and six daughters, and boasted  
of the number and beauty of her children,  
insomuch that *Ædon* was seized with jeal-  
ousy, and resolved to kill the firstborn of  
*Niobe's* sons. But by mistake she slew  
in his stead her own son, *Itylus*. Then  
*Zeus*, taking pity, changed her into a  
nightingale, and in that form she con-  
tinues to bewail her loss:—

Even as when, in the new vernal hours,  
Couched in the covert of some leafy dale  
Green all around her with ambrosial showers,  
*Pandarus'* child, the sylvan nightingale,  
With lovely variations her sweet tale  
Trills beautifully well, and the woods ring  
With sorrow, while her boy she still doth  
wail,

*Itys*, dear *Itys*, child of *Zethus* king,  
Whom blindly she cut off, and now doth sadly  
sing.\*

According to another story, the night-  
ingale was once a princess named *Procne*,  
daughter to *Pandion*, king of *Attica*, and  
sister of *Philomela*. Her father gave  
*Procne* in marriage to *Tereus*, king of the  
*Thracians* in *Daulis*; but after she had  
borne him a son, *Itys*, *Tereus* kept her in  
concealment, and, feigning that she was  
dead, took *Philomela* to wife. The fraud

was in some way discovered by the two  
sisters, and *Procne*, in a frenzy of revenge,  
slew her son *Itys*, and served up his flesh  
in a dish before *Tereus*. She then fled  
with her sister, and upon *Tereus* pursuing  
them, prayed the gods to change them all  
into birds, whereupon *Tereus* became a  
hoopoe, *Philomela* a swallow, and *Procne*  
a nightingale. The names in these leg-  
ends were, however, continually trans-  
posed, and the nightingale was more  
commonly called *Philomela*, while the  
name of the child is indifferently *Itys* or  
*Itylus*.

In the "Birds" of *Aristophanes*, *Tereus*  
is introduced as a hoopoe, and says that  
*Sophocles* had reduced him to that condi-  
tion in his tragedies, alluding to a lost  
play of that poet which turned upon the  
transformation. He is the king of the  
birds, and sings to his queen, the nightin-  
gale, a song which by the purity of its  
language defies translation. It is only  
equalled among the nightingale's poetical  
addresses by the ode of *Keats*. From an  
artistic point of view the Greek poem is  
superior to the English, but only as one  
sea-shell is more beautiful than another.  
The transparent and pearly grace of the  
former is indeed inimitable; but through  
the "twisted convolutions" of the latter  
one may catch a deeper murmur of imag-  
ination, a far-off moan of "perilous seas  
in faery lands forlorn," which will make it  
even dearer to the heart than the perfect  
Greek.

One of the most charming of *Mr. Swin-  
burne's* earlier poems is based upon this  
legend of *Itylus*. The nightingale, whose  
constant heart is ever brooding over the  
old woe, rebukes—half in pity and half  
in scorn—the light heart of her sister,  
the swallow:—

O sweet, stray sister, O shifting swallow,  
The heart's division divideth us.  
Thy heart is light as a leaf of a tree;  
But mine goes forth among sea-gulfs hollow  
To the place of the slaying of *Itylus*,  
The feast of *Daulis*, the *Thracian* sea.

O sister, sister, thy first-begotten!  
The hands that cling, and the feet that fol-  
low,  
The voice of the child's blood crying yet  
"Who hath remembered me? Who hath for-  
gotten?"  
Thou hast forgotten, O summer swallow,  
But the world shall end when I forget.\*

This is the disdain of *Antigone* towards

\* *Homer, Odyssey*, book xix. 513 sqq., *Mr. Worsley's*  
translation.

\* *Poems and Ballads, "Itylus,"* p. 62. Fifth Edi-  
tion.

Ismene — of Romola towards Tito — the universal lament of the earnest and clear-sighted for the purblind creatures of the hour, the slaves of convention or of self. In the same spirit the terrible cries of Cassandra, in her prophetic agony before the murder of herself and Agamemnon, are compared by Æschylus to the nightingale's deep and persistent anguish: —

*Chorus.* Distraught thou art, divinely stirred,  
And wailest for thyself a tuneless lay,  
As piteous as the ceaseless tale  
Whereher with the brown melodious bird  
Doth ever Itys! Itys! wail,  
Deep-bowered in sorrow, all its little life-time's day!  
*Cassandra.* Alas! O happy nightingale!  
Some solace for thy woes did Heaven afford,  
Clothed thee with soft brown plumes, and life  
apart from bale;  
But for my death is edged the double-biting sword!\*

Never, surely, was the leafy seclusion of the sorrowful bird more sweetly described than in that spiritual phrase "deep-bowered in sorrow" (*ἀμφοβαλῆ κακοῖς*). It is paralleled only by Shelley's description of the poet "hidden in the light of thought."

The nightingale appears again as an emblem of deep and constant devotion in Catullus's poem to Hortalus after the death of his brother, admirably translated by Sir Theodore Martin: —

Oh, is thy voice forever hushed and still?  
Oh, brother, dearer far than life, shall I  
Behold thee never? But in sooth I will  
Forever love thee, as in days gone by;  
And ever through my songs shall ring a cry  
Sad with thy death, sad as in thickest shade  
Of intertangled boughs the melody  
Which by the woeful Daulian bird is made  
Sobbing for Itys dead her wail through all the glade.†

Sophocles, "singer of sweet Colonos, and its child," tells how the "feathered flocks of nightingales" (*πικρόναιτροι ἀρδύες*) loved his native home, especially in that passage which he is said to have recited to his judges when accused of dotage: —

Welcome, stranger! Thou art come  
To the best and brightest home  
In all this land of goodly horses seen;  
To Colonos glistening white,  
Where the tuneful nightingale,  
Under dells of living green,  
Mourneth sweetly all the night  
With plaintive wail,  
Amid the ivy-berries dark as wine.

\* Æschylus, Agamemnon, v. 116 sqq. Mr. Morshead's translation.

† The Poems of Catullus. Translated by Theodore Martin, p. 101.

Dwelling in the leafy grove  
Where no mortal step may rove,  
Where the sunshine falls not ever  
Through the fruitage of the trees,  
And the wintry tempest never  
Stirs the charmed leaf with breeze —  
There wild Bacchus roams for aye,  
In joyous revelry,  
Among the nymphs who nursed his youth  
divine.\*

This constancy of the bird to one favored spot, and to one favorite tree or bush, has been often noted. Shakespeare, who seldom alludes to the nightingale, and who makes Portia say that more than half the charm of her song is lent by the silence of the surrounding night,† had evidently observed this habit, for Juliet tells her lover when he is called from her by the lark's morning song, —

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,  
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;  
*Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate tree.‡*

The poets have often attributed the sorrows of the nightingale to the loss of her young. Virgil compares with her song that of Orpheus after the loss of Eurydice: —

So Philomena, 'mid the poplar shade,  
Bemoans her captive brood — the cruel hind  
Saw them unplumed, and took them — but all night  
Grieves she, and sitting on a bough, runs o'er  
Her wretched tale, and fills the woods with woe.§

There is a story told by the Rev. J. Lambert, sometime fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, which shows how true to nature was the poet's description in this passage. He says that he once found the keeper of a toll-gate near Cambridge, and his wife, both plunged in a state of deep dejection, and, upon his inquiring the cause, he was told that a nightingale was in the habit of singing every night near their cottage; but some boys had stolen her young from the nest, and since her loss the mother-bird had mourned all night in a strain of such irresistible pathos that

\* Sophocles, Œdipus Coloneus, 668-680.

† I think  
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,  
When every goose is cackling, would be thought  
No better a musician than the wren

Merchant of Venice, v., 1.  
‡ Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. Contrast with this passage the following, from a poem attributed to Shakespeare in "The Passionate Pilgrim": —

While Philomena sits and sings, I sit and mark,  
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark,  
For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty.

§ Virgil, Georgic iv. 511-515. Translated by W. S. Landor, in Dry Sticks.

she had infected the gate-keeper and his wife with her own melancholy.

A reason more commonly assigned for the grief of "the gentle bird who sings of pity best," is that she is suffering from the pangs of love. We know how —

The fancy sweet of Persia feign'd the love  
Of the voluptuous rose and nightingale;

and in English poetry she is "the love-lorn nightingale" —

the wakeful nightingale,  
Who all night long her amorous descant pours;  
who

Tunes her voice to soft complaints of love,  
Making her life one great harmonious woe;

though the poet of "The Seasons" thought she ought to be happy enough if she only knew her own blessedness: —

O nightingale, best poet of the grove!

That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to thee,

Blest in the full possession of thy love:

O lend that strain, sweet nightingale, to me!

Chaucer relates a tradition that it is a good omen for lovers to hear the nightingale before "the sorry bird, the leud cuckow," and Milton has founded upon this superstition the most musical of his sonnets. Both poets complain of their bad luck, but they would seem to have been exceptionally unfortunate; and lovers may comfort themselves that the chances are in favor of their hearing the nightingale some time before "the cuckoo's shallow bill." Indeed, Cowper had the extraordinary fortune to hear her "liquid notes" so early as "the foremost day of all the year," and welcomed them, in his dejection, as containing a presage of happier days: —

Thrice welcome, then! for many a long

And joyless year have I,

As thou to-day, put forth my song

Beneath a wintry sky.

She is the sweetest of all summer's harbingers. Ben Jonson, translating with a touch of modern fancy one of Sappho's sweet stray verses,\* calls her "the dear, glad angel of the spring." No superstition is needed to secure her a welcome.

In modern times a question has been raised whether the poets were right in calling her song so sad and mournful. She was frequently represented as the one exception to the general joy of summer: —

\* *ἡρος ὑμερόφωτος ἀγγελος ἀπδών.*

Everything did banish moan,  
Save the nightingale alone.  
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,  
Lean'd her breast against a thorn,\*  
And then sung the dolefullest ditty  
That to hear it was great pity.

Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry —

Tereu, tereu! by and by;

That to hear her so complain

Scarce I could from tears refrain,

For her grief so lively shown

Made me think upon mine own.

— Ah! thought I, thou mournerst in vain,

None take pity on thy pain:

Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,

Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee;

King Pandion, he is dead,

All thy friends are lapped in lead:

All thy fellow-birds do sing,

Careless of thy sorrowing.

Even so, poor bird, like thee,

None alive will pity me.†

Chaucer, indeed, speaks of the "merry nightingale," but he also has "the merry organ of the mass," meaning the solemn church organ; and, in fact, the epithet did not then convey its present meaning, but was applied to any hearty and strenuous effort. The first attempt to refute the popular opinion that the nightingale is, as it appeared to Milton's pensive man, a "most musical, most melancholy bird," is to be found in Coleridge: —

A melancholy bird! Oh idle thought!

In Nature there is nothing melancholy.

But some night-wandering man, whose heart was pierced

With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,

Or slow distemper, or neglected love, —

(And so, poor wretch, filled all things with himself,

And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale

Of his own sorrow,) he, and such as he,

First named these notes a melancholy strain;

And many a poet echoes the conceit.‡

And again in the same poem he says: —

'Tis the merry nightingale,

That crowds and hurries and precipitates

With fast thick warble his delicious notes,

As he were fearful that an April night

Would be too short for him to utter forth

His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul

Of all its music!

\* Compare Mrs. Browning, *The Lost Bower*: —

Never nightingale so singeth:

Oh! she leans on thorny tree!

† Richard Barnfield, "As it fell upon a day" — an ode falsely attributed to Shakespeare in "The Passionate Pilgrim."

‡ Coleridge, *Sibylline Leaves*, "The Nightingale: a Conversation Poem," April, 1798. Hartley Coleridge has a poem on this "discovery" of his father (*The Nightingale*, vol. ii., p. 86). He speaks of him as "a mighty bard" who on this occasion found out "that mighty poets may mistaken be" — an irresistible suggestion of the old logical puzzle of Epimenides the Cretan!

The belief that "in nature there is nothing melancholy" followed naturally from Coleridge's subjective view of the outer world — that

we receive but what we give,  
And in our life alone doth Nature live :  
Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud !

And would we aught behold of higher worth  
Than that inanimate cold world allowed  
To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd,

Ah ! from the soul itself must issue forth  
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud

Enveloping the earth —  
And from the soul itself must there be sent  
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,  
Of all sweet sounds the life and element ! \*

But to those who lean to the nature-worship of Wordsworth, loving every form of life, and sympathizing with the joys and sorrows which all lower creatures share with man in the general struggle for existence and development, these lines of Coleridge will seem to savor of heresy, and to have no excuse save the ever-valid plea of beauty. They would rather suggest that the nightingale's song is infinitely various, and that it is compounded of many emotions, some pleasing and some sad, so that

in the mid-most heart of grief  
Her passion claps a secret joy.

And they would quote the verses in which Hartley Coleridge gives expression to this view : —

'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark,  
That bids a blithe good-morrow ;  
But sweeter to hark, in the twinkling dark,  
To the soothing song of sorrow.

Oh nightingale ! what does she ail ?  
And is she sad or jolly ?  
For ne'er on earth was sound of mirth  
So like to melancholy.

The merry lark, he soars on high,  
No worldly thought o'ertakes him ;  
He sings aloud to the clear blue sky  
And the daylight that awakes him.

As sweet a lay, as loud as gay,  
The nightingale is trilling ;  
With feeling bliss, no less than his,  
Her little heart is thrilling.

Yet ever and anon a sigh  
Peers through her lavish mirth ;  
For the lark's bold song is of the sky,  
And hers is of the earth.

By night and day she tunes her lay  
To drive away all sorrow ;  
For bliss, alas ! to-night must pass,  
And woe may come to-morrow ! \*

Her song, however, generally expresses a passion so intense that it cannot be analyzed into any cheaper emotions. It burns into the heart of Bianca, in Mrs. Browning's poem, the remembrance of her own fierce southern love : —

We scarce knew if our nature meant  
Most passionate earth or intense heaven.

The nightingales, the nightingales !

We paled with love, we shook with love ;

We kissed so close we could not vow ;

Till Giulio whispered, " Sweet, above

God's Ever guarantees this Now."

And through his words the nightingales

Drove straight and full their long clear call,

Like arrows through heroic mails,

And love was awful in it all.

The nightingales, the nightingales ! †

At the end of the poem, Bianca is almost maddened by the bird's persistent repetition of an anguish so like her own, and cries out : —

Oh owl-like birds ! They sing for spite,  
They sing for hate, they sing for doom !  
They'll sing thro' death who sing thro' night,  
They'll sing and stun me in the tomb !  
The nightingales, the nightingales !

With all this fiery passion there seems, moreover, to be some artistic feeling in the bird. It has been remarked that she usually selects for her song a place where there is a good echo. She also seems to share the proverbial jealousy of artists. "Nightingales," says Pliny, "emulate one another, and the contention is plainly an animated one. The conquered often ends its life, its spirit failing sooner than its song." Nay, they will not brook a human rival. The story of Strada's nightingale, as told in Latin by Vincent Bourne, and by Cowper in English is well known : —

The shepherd touched his reed : sweet Philomel

Essay'd and oft essay'd to catch the strain ;

And treasuring, as on her ear they fell,

The numbers, echoed note for note again.

The contention which ensues leads to a fatal end : —

\* Coleridge, *Sibylline Leaves*, "Dejection: an Ode," iv.

\* Hartley Coleridge, vol. i., p. 57. Moxon, 2nd edition.

† Mrs. Browning, *Bianca among the Nightingales*.

She dared the task, and, rising as he rose,  
 With all the force that passion gives inspired,  
 Returned the sounds awhile; but in the close,  
 Exhausted fell and at his feet expired.

Tennyson represents her, however, as secretly owning to herself the superiority of the poet's song:—

The nightingale thought, "I have sung many songs,  
 But never a one so gay;  
 For he sings of what the world will be  
 When the years have died away.

And one of Mrs. Browning's allegories shows how the bird is indebted to the poet for the glory of her song:—

Said a people to a poet: "Go out from among us straightway.  
 While we are thinking earthly things, thou singest of divine.  
 There's a little fair brown nightingale who, sitting in the gateway,  
 Makes fitter music to our ear than any song of thine!"

The poet went out weeping—the nightingale ceased chanting:

"Now wherefore, O thou nightingale, is all thy sweetness done?"

"I cannot sing my earthly things, the heavenly poet wanting,  
 Whose highest harmony includes the lowest under sun."\*

Finally, when both man and bird are dead, the music left in the place

Was only of the poet's song, and not the nightingale's.

The fable may be construed literally. A halo of poetry has been thrown round this earthly minstrel by the love and tuneful worship of the heavenly poets. She has found a passage from her soul to man, and many an answering note is mingled with her native strain, giving it a richness and variety of suggestion that is not surpassed in any natural sound. Her song is thus, for the cultivated, in harmony with the noblest emotions—hope and remorse, devotion to the dead, and passionate love of the living. It trembles with the pathos of Catullus, and swells with the rapture of Keats. Like a voice from higher levels of life, it rings out the fateful warnings of an unheeded Cassandra against the littleness and tyranny of men, and then thrills us with such an exquisite tenderness of hope and love that "the nightingales awake" in our own hearts, and fill us with joy.

C. J. BILLSON.

\* Mrs. Browning, *The Poet and the Bird*.

From *The Spectator*.

#### THE SECRET MOTIVE OF SECRET SOCIETIES.

THE motives which impel ordinary men, and especially ordinary men without personal wrongs to avenge, to enter secret societies embodied with an intention to kill are doubtless many and diverse; but, we take it, the dominant one in all is the desire for power. There are probably in all such societies, especially at first, a few men with wrongs to avenge, or a few victims of true fanaticism,—that is, men dominated by an idea which, like a monomania, masters alike conscience and brain; but the majority are of a much more frequent and, so to speak, vulgar type. In a time and place of secret societies, a strong-willed man, full of desire to be somebody, to be efficient, to exercise real and direct power, knows that if he enters such a society and rises high, his ambition will speedily be gratified to the fullest extent. With little money, no birth, and no ascendancy abroad, he may within and through the society exercise a power which, to him who wields it, must seem tremendous, far transcending the power of any minister or any general. The power, it must be remembered, is necessarily far greater in his eyes than in those of any outsider. The world knows only his acts, but he knows also his own designs, and in their easy prospect of realization they appear to him like acts. He feels, in not killing, as if he had spared. The world sees that a man, possibly a great man, has fallen; but the man who made him fall feels as if anybody might fall at his signal, as if he were distributing death and life, were an arbiter of destiny, a potentate secretly wielding the lightning at his will. He feels almost like a deity. "There is the great official, full of rank, and honor, and wealth, whose word is so weighty, and his person so revered; and I, whom nobody knows, who am but one of the humble, a man always in shadow, can with a word reduce him to mere clay. There is that other, still greater, and I pass him by, and he does not know that he has been enveloped in lightning made powerless by my hand." That was, it is known, the feeling of Thomassen, the "monster" of Bremerhaven, who delighted in dining with passengers about to sail in ships which he had doomed by his clock-work apparatus to sink in mid-ocean; and that is the attraction which, as all their confessions attest, has always carried away successful poisoners. They feel the sense of power in its most concentrated and ecstatic form,

power over the issues of life and death, the power which, to whomsoever it belongs, be he Cæsar, or sultan, or criminal, separates him utterly from his kind. The leading spirit of a secret society enjoys that, and in a higher degree than the poisoner, for he can act by others, and even at a distance, and his volition does not therefore seem to himself impeded and weakened in its thunderbolt character by the small trickeries and precautions and petty efforts essential to the poisoner's success. He wills like a despot; and the victim falls. That is the luxury of the position, and we can easily conceive that to men with a strong thirst for power — and that thirst is in some men the most intense of all cravings — with steady nerves, and indurated hearts, that fascination may be nearly irresistible, more especially as there is added to it another, the fascination so sovereign with a large section of mankind — with one-half, for example, of all English gentlemen — the fascination of hunting game which may turn and rend them. No elephant, no tiger, can rend the huntsman, as the great official can rend assassins, if they spring and miss their mark. All the evidence given at Kilmainham suggests that when the assassins were hunting Mr. Forster or Mr. Burke, the dominant sense among them was that of being engaged in a battue of very large and very dangerous game. Carey in particular, throughout his narrative, tells of his arranging signals and giving signals, and marking distances, and retiring to safe points of observation, exactly as he would have told of some grand tiger-hunt, in which he was so interested that no detail escaped him, yet in which it was expedient that the actual conflict should be left to stronger hands. The Indian Thugs all showed this feeling in the strongest form, all avowed that they were huntsmen, all declared that there was no *shikar* like theirs, at once so dangerous and so exciting, and once their tongues were loosened, all described their sport with the minuteness and accuracy with which a man who has been after tigers recalls the details of the chase. Twenty years after, a Thug would remember every detail, down to the minutest personal marks upon his victim, just as twenty years after "the Old Shekarry" could describe with unfailing accuracy every detail of a dangerous hunt after bear, or tiger, or anaconda, every stumble his elephant made, every shot that was fired, every mark in the slaughtered game. To distribute life and death, and to dis-

tribute it so, was a gratification which attracted into such societies men who were neither fanatics, nor conscious of an undying grievance, nor, as we believe, in many cases, full of political hate. With such men, we suspect fidelity to associates is never very strong. They do not think of them in their hearts as associates, but as instruments, punish them remorselessly when they fail to act, or betray them; but break them, when they are useless, as readily as any other weapons. What are they? Rifles in the grand *shikar*. Mr. Bosworth Smith, in his new "Life of Lord Lawrence," tells how a petty prince ordered an enemy to be killed, and sent with the murderer a runner, to give aid or to report. The man, utterly faithful to the prince, saw the deed done, and ran ninety miles continuously to his master to report success, was received with delight, and dismissed, and then, — and then stooped down to raise the carpet *portière* of his master's chamber, certain that he should hear the order for his own assassination. It came, as he expected, and he fled on faster than the prince's horsemen, to his own home in the mountains, to relate the story to John Lawrence. That prince was but Carey in another clime, and his order as to his runner would create in his principality as little surprise as it did in the runner himself, who yet flew on to the betrayal he knew to be so nearly certain. Why, under such circumstances, confidence exists at all, why the runner serves the prince, why, in an Irish secret society, any one trusts any one else, is only to be explained by the belief each man entertains that the catastrophe will not happen to him, that he will be successful, and that, being successful, faith will be kept.

But the conscience? The conscience of the despot who is often inflicting unjust penalties does not seem to wake while he is inflicting them, nor does that of brigands. If there is one thing certain in the history of crime, it is that habitual murder acts like some powerful drug as a stupifier to the conscience. The great poisoners have seldom betrayed a trace of it, or the great pirates, or the great brigands. That it can wake, even in such men, we firmly believe; but it is slow to waken. The Thugs, who seem, while their career lasts, absolutely without it, do, we believe, after years of their quiet, industrious seclusion — they all make tents for the army — show most distinct traces of it, traces so deep that their experienced watchers will not allow visitors to allude to their crimes; but it wakes more slowly

than in any class of criminals. It impels them to confession, to an abstinence from small crimes—a striking peculiarity of the Thugs, as of many of the worst French Terrorists—but not, till the stupefaction has passed away, to personal remorse. We can offer no explanation of the phenomenon, except the very obvious one that no man in whom conscience was vigorous would join such a society, or the possible hypothesis that to such a man a human being does actually become, as it were, game; but of the fact there can be no question, and its existence is one more justification of the horror with which mankind regards such associations. We all know the tremendous effect of opinion upon conscience, frequently almost stupefying it permanently; and such associations, it would seem certain, generate within themselves an opinion under which the sense of criminality in murder disappears,—an opinion, doubtless, helped by the internal law dooming every recalcitrant to death, and so producing the feeling that crime is not crime, but only obedience to irresistible necessity. Carey, as yet, is only anxious to defend himself from the charge of being “an informer.” Years hence, the pressure on his conscience will be other than that; but till then, there is in all who take up assassination as a work a blood-drunkenness.

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From Chambers' Journal.

## WHIMSICAL NOTICES AND INSCRIPTIONS.

EVERY one has heard the story of the Paisley thread-spinner who, having received a scratch upon his nose, made use of one of his bobbin-labels in lieu of skin-plaster, and went about his business quite unconscious of the fact that he was claiming the possession of a much longer proboscis than ever Jumbo can hope to own. The improvised skin-plaster made the startling announcement, “Warranted three hundred yards.” Although this tale may be a fiction, genuine public notices of a like humorous or ridiculous nature are by no means rare. Adam Clarke relates that he saw exhibited outside an inn in Sweden this tantalizing notice to the weary traveller: “You will find excellent bread, meat, and wine within, provided you bring them yourself.”

Turning over a file of the *Caledonian Mercury* for 1789, we came upon the following curious inscription, which it was stated was to be seen over a cobbler's

stall at Barnet: “John Nust, Operator in Ordinary and Extraordinary, Mender of Soles, Uniter of the Disunited, Restorer of Union and Harmony though of ever so long and wide a separation. N.B.—Gives advice gratis in the most desperate cases, and never pockets his fee till he has performed a Cure.” This figurative cobbler was perhaps educated at the Yorkshire village school which in 1774 exhibited on a sign the following specimen of the learning to be had within: “Wrighten and Readden and Trew Spellen and also Marchantts Accountts with double Entery. Post Skript Girlls and Bouys Boarded and good Yozitch for Childeren.” If the “Yozitch” the children received at this Dotheboys Hall was on a level with the spelling, we pity them.

Dean Alford relates that the following perspicuous notice to engine-drivers was exhibited—for a short time only, let us hope—at one of our railway stations: “Hereafter, when trains moving in an opposite direction are approaching each other on separate lines, conductors and engineers will be required to bring their respective trains to a dead halt before the point of meeting, and be very careful not to proceed till each train has passed the other.” Equally lucid was the placard announcing a pleasure-trip to Warkworth one day during the summer of 1881, in which was the following passage, which implies that the crew adopted the light and airy costume of our primitive ancestors: “The ‘Gleaner’ is one of the finest and fastest boats on the Tyne; her accommodation is in every respect good and comfortable, her crew skilful, steady, and obliging, *being newly painted and decorated for pleasure-trips.*”

We can easily imagine that a notice like the next one we give was quite as likely to have the effect desired, as one couched in the usual stern tone, and concluding with the inevitable threat of prosecution. It is said to have been posted up at North Shields: “Whereas several idle and disorderly persons have lately made a practice of riding on an ass belonging to Mr —, the head of the Ropery stairs; now, lest any accident should happen, he takes this method of informing the public that he has determined to shoot the said ass, and cautions any person that may be riding on it at the same time to take care of himself, lest by some unfortunate mistake he should shoot the wrong one.”

Every one knows how quickly a “rest-and-be-thankful” seat becomes disfigured by initials. Rather a good attempt to put

a stop to the objectionable practice was made by the late Mr. Stirling, so well known as the chairman of the North British Railway Company. His grounds, extending from Dunblane to Bridge of Allan, were open to the public on several days of the week; and on some of the seats placed for the benefit of the visitors there was fastened a cast-iron plate with this legend thereon: "*Never cut a friend.*" Could any one disobey such a touching appeal—at once a pun and an aphorism?

Writing names on window-panes is still more objectionable; but we are inclined to excuse the writer when he scribbles such lines as the following, which an eighteenth-century magazine assures us were scratched on the window of an inn at Abingdon:—

Whence comes it that in Clara's face  
The lily only has a place?  
Is it because the absent rose  
Has gone to adorn her husband's nose?

Of the various forms of scribbling mania which attack the budding and sometimes also the full-blown poet, resulting in these engravings on wood and glass we have referred to, perhaps the most curious type of the disease is developed when the poet adorns the back of a bank-note with verse. Wordsworth, Swift, Burns, and many others, have scribbled verses on stones, window-panes, and other odd places; but the last-mentioned poet is, we believe, the only one of the three who ever indulged in the luxury of sending forth a poem on the back of a bank-note. But the following effusion, we fear, was not the work of any poet known to fame. The lines appeared, if we remember right, on the back of a Union Bank of Scotland note, which passed through our hands many years ago; and note and poem have no doubt long since been included in the banker's Index Expurgatorius, and committed to the flames. The lines were entitled "Ode on an Owed Note," and were as follows:

I marked the 'cutest teller in the land;  
A note he flourished in his hand—  
A note whose rare effulgence shed  
A halo round about his head.  
He threw't—I caught it in my hand,  
And was the happiest mortal in the land.  
But now, alas! a claim has come,  
And I throughout the world must run  
Without my long-loved One Pound Note.  
A tailor claimant has appeared,  
With face unwashed and beard unsheared,  
Who says: "That note must pay your coat."

With many sighs, with many tears,  
It goes now to the man of shears.  
"Farewell, farewell, thou gem of notes!  
Give pleasure to the man of coats;  
And may he learn before too late to mend;  
'The quality of mercy is not strained,  
But bloweth like the roaring gale,'  
As Shakespeare says." I now conclude.  
To all, my peace, good-will, and gratitude,  
And to all notes I cry, "All hail!"

From the many quaint rhymes that have been written beneath portraits, we select one which was to be seen under that of an old hostler at the Rose and Crown in St. John's Street, Clerkenwell, a hundred and fifty years ago:—

This is that honest hostler of great note,  
Who never robbed a corn-bin of a groat.  
Could horses speak, they'd spread his fame;  
But since they can't—John Knight's his name.

Thomas Hood, Charles Dickens, and others have exercised their wits in framing humorous titles for false or dummy book-backs, to be placed so as to hide a door or blank space in a library. Such the reader will remember was the character of the Xenophon, in sixteen volumes, which excited the curiosity of the "bashful man," whose misadventures at a friend's house Henry Mackenzie has so graphically described. Laying his hand on the first volume, and pulling it forcibly, relates the bashful man, he was horrified to find that instead of books, "a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgwood inkstand on the table under it." He certainly did not make the calamity less ludicrous when he attempted to stop the current of ink that trickled to the floor by means of his cambric handkerchief.

Hood's list of dummy books included the following: "On the Affinity of the Death Watch and the Sheep Tick," "Malthus's Attack of Infantry," "John Knox on Death's Door," "Debrett on Chain Piers," "Cursory Remarks on Swearing," "Hoyle on the Game Laws," and "Percy Vere," in forty volumes.

Among others, Dickens had the following dummy books in his study at Tavistock House: "Jonah's Account of the Whale," "The Gunpowder Magazine" (four volumes), "On the Use of Mercury by the Ancient Poets," "The Books of Moses and Sons" (two volumes), "Burke (of Edinburgh) on the Sublime and Beautiful," and "Lady Godiva on the Horse."

A public library is not the place where

one would expect to meet with sham book titles; but a book met the gaze of the late Professor de Morgan of Cambridge, on his first visit to the reading-room of the Museum, which might have been mistaken for a "dummy." He began his inspection, he says, at the ladies' end, where the Bibles and theological works are placed; and the very first book he looked at the back of had in flaming gold letters the startling and profane title, "Blast The Antinomians." Thus did the binder apostrophize the sect whose history had been written by Dr. Blast, by omitting the separating line between the two first words.

We are assured of the genuineness of the following curious notice, addressed, quite recently, to the members of a Friendly Society, which need not fear a "run" upon it, if the procedure therein described be rigidly adhered to: "In the event of your death, you are requested to bring your book policy and certificate at once to the agent, Mr. —, when your claims will have immediate attention."

Those who write public notices, however, sometimes have the tables turned upon them by some waggish reader, who appends or deletes a few words or letters, which has the effect of making the intimation set forth a different meaning from the one intended by the original notifier. We will conclude with two such anecdotes, and in the last it will be seen that the biter was bit. Recently, a shop-keeper of Stambridge had his feelings outraged by an addition made by a passing mischief-maker to a notice he had affixed to his shop-door. The aggrieved man thus tells his melancholy tale to the editor of the *Essex Weekly News*: "I had to attend at Rochford last Thursday as prosecutor in a Fifth of November case; therefore I wrote over my shop-door: 'Closed for a few hours;' and when I returned, I found some one had written: 'Drunk in bed; can't get up.' As this may injure me in my business, I beg to state that I am and have been an abstainer for more than two years."

A few days previous to the beginning of a session, this brief and serious-enough-looking notice was affixed to the notice-board at the entrance of one of the classrooms of Edinburgh University: "Professor — will meet his classes on the 4th inst." On the opening day, a student, who had probably attended the class during the previous session, and had imbibed some of the well-known humor of his witty preceptor, erased the letter *c* of the

word "classes." A group of youths remained in the vicinity of the entrance to observe how the professor would receive the intimation, which now set forth that he would "meet his lasses on the 4th inst." As the professor approached, he observed the change that had been made, and quietly taking out his pencil, made some further modification and passed on, a quiet smile overspreading his features. The notice now finally stood: "Professor — will meet his asses on the 4th inst."

From The Spectator.

#### THE PAINS OF EXILE.

Is not the world beginning to underestimate the suffering caused by compulsory exile, particularly to Continentals, who, for reasons we state below, suffer much more in banishment than Englishmen usually do? We think we detect traces of such a feeling, of a belief that banishment is, after all, a very endurable penalty, throughout the recent discussions on the French Proscription Bills; and it is quite natural, more especially in this country, that it should be so. The world, with its new facilities of communication, is rapidly growing smaller; countries are becoming more alike, the cultivated travel about everywhere, and so many people settle in foreign lands for years at a time, or for their lives, that banishment strikes the upper class as, after all, nothing very serious. If you may not live in France, you may in England; and where is the substantial difference? This feeling was repeatedly expressed in the French Chamber, one deputy in particular laying it down as his opinion that exile involved suffering only for those who had to earn their living. They might suffer, of course; but the Orleans princes, he said, had been enriched by the restoration of their fortunes, they would be wealthy nobles in England, and what could they want more? That idea is also current in this country, in spite of the horror with which laws of proscription are regarded, and is greatly increased by the accidental circumstance that for Englishmen, and for the lower classes especially, banishment has lost much of its terror. The Englishman, unless very well placed indeed, is habituated to think of life in America as an alternative and not unpleasant destiny; and banishment means to him little more than an emigration to another land

tenanted by a kindly branch of his own race, — which is not without attractions for his mind. To the Englishman, banishment means residence in the United States, and he would as soon reside there as not. The conception that banishment is quite a tolerable penalty is growing, and as it is a dangerous one to take root in Europe just at the present time, when political passion is very keen, and when a notion of the convenience of ostracism as a political device is making way among classes which are rising rapidly to power, it may be worth while to inquire for a moment into its perfect accuracy.

We believe the idea to be substantially false, and this in spite of the fact that banishment inflicts much less direct suffering than of old. Formerly, the rich man who was exiled suffered from a sudden and enforced change of society, diet, and method of life, to such an extent as often permanently to affect his health, and produce a nostalgia indistinguishable from positive disease. He could not endure the foreign food, the foreign houses, the foreign people, and would risk anything or suffer anything to be back again "at home." Now, however, that the cosmopolitan class live so much alike, eating the same things, inhabiting the same houses, and taking the same precautions for health, direct suffering is reduced to a mere change of climate, not necessarily injurious. The Orleans princes can be as comfortable in London as in Paris, in York House, Twickenham, as in the château at Chantilly. The professionals, again, who formerly always starved in banishment, living miserably in garrets at the Hague, or other free places, now find it easier to get a living; the world is before them, and they frequently prosper, till they have, considered merely as cultivated animals, nothing in their country to regret. They are well fed, warmly clothed, and, barring the climate, sufficiently well housed. It is not given to every one to prosper as the financial secretary of the Confederate States did in England; but other exiles can be named, both in England and America, who, pecuniarily, have nothing to regret. The poor, again, who formerly died in banishment of want, now go to America, English or Spanish, or to the great cities of Europe, and find employment in their own trades at rates quite as remunerative as at home. Indeed, a majority of them would probably benefit physically by exile, and find, like the Germans who fled in 1848, or who retreat even now before the rigid laws of con-

scription, that America offers them, if not a pleasanter home, at least a richer one than the fatherland. The physical evils of exile have, in fact, been modified till they scarcely exist; but that is not the case with the mental evils. To the men likely to be exiled for political reasons, banishment means the loss of all things which make life sweet, except bodily comfort. Their mental interests are either snapped short, or have the savor taken out of them. They are like politicians condemned by ill-health to inaction, forced to change the rôle of actors who are forwarding the play, and are, therefore, not only interested in its success, but occupied by it, for that of mere spectators, weary with desire to be once more on the stage, and seeing in those who supersede them only imbeciles. Occupations may not cease, but the occupations which were chosen as by instinct, which made life delightful, and filled it with the pleasant sense of efficiency and use, are all closed; and the others taken up to diminish *ennui* are like gardening to a city man, or novel-reading to a man who has shared in "the triumph and the vanity, the rapture of the strife," of political debate. The Princes of Orleans, for example, may still in London be interested in French politics; but they cannot advance them, cannot even see them as quickly as of old, are like citizens driven into remote villages against their own consent, always conscious of being behind the time. They can have society at will, but it is not the society of those who are making history in the only country they care about, not, as it were, the society of the living; they can have conversation, but either they or their interlocutors must use a foreign tongue, and so lose half their spontaneity; they can engage in affairs, but the affairs are not their own. The mere fact that they cannot enter their own land is of itself a pain, aggravated by the truth, always patent to intelligent exiles, that every year of absence makes them more strangers; and that when they return, some powers, some kinds of knowledge, some habits of mind essential to their careers, will have been sadly, it may be fatally, diminished. They lose, while in exile, the use of their heaped-up treasure of experience, and feel while they stay away that they make no additions to it. Their careers are, in fact, ended before old age has set in. The loss of friends, too, is heartbreaking. Men cannot keep up friendships by correspondence, still less continue that founding of new friend-

ships without which life is certain to become in its end so solitary. No man, however cosmopolitan, quite finds that foreigners replace to him his own countrymen, least of all Frenchmen, whose country has for them a charm like that of Rome for a patrician. The Roman noble under sentence of death had usually the alternative of exile, and often accepted the quick penalty, rather than the slow one. Life under such circumstances loses flavor, and in its insipidity is a penalty which often produces true *tedium vite* — that most exhausting of all forms of melancholy — and always something of that *ennui* which is the great burden of a long imprisonment. Exiles, it is noticed, hunger for occupations, as prisoners do, and not unfrequently prefer, like prisoners, those occupations which prevent thought, rather than compel the mind to apply thought to the full. The sentence of banishment, where it is felt at all, does not take away life; but it takes away most of its happiness, and that is a severe penalty, and is the heavier in proportion as the sufferer has in his own country made his life full, and active, and beneficial to all around him. Men can dream anywhere, but for those who do not dream, some reality in the objects of life, and fittingness of relation between them and their surroundings, are essential not only to happiness, but even to the maintenance of their powers. A large proportion of men who retire from busi-

ness grow rapidly and perceptibly weaker, and banished men are business men condemned to perpetual inaction. The suffering differs in every individual case, but the best proof of its reality is the inability of the exile ever to do anything serious or great, unless it be to intrigue for his own return. Prisoners of war are not accounted happy men, nor are they; and exiles by compulsion are but prisoners of war, with a few material comforts and liberties, but also, to counterbalance them, with a bitter sense of oppression and disappointment. Every exiled man has had hopes, dreams, affections, often the solace of entire lives, all inextricably bound up with the native land, which, as Danton said, one does not carry away on the sole of one's shoe. You cannot carry away, for instance, that which to most men is part of their own identity, namely, your own precise place in the world, your own title to recognition or regard, or it may be deference. That place has been given to men by their history, and is as inextricably welded into the social system of their own country as any stone into a building. Without the building, its look, its use, its very meaning, are all entirely changed. Even princes feel such a fate most painfully, and European princes are of necessity, by connections, by pursuits, and by habits of mind, the most cosmopolitan of men, and should, therefore, feel exile the least.

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THE LAST DAYS OF CHARLES DICKENS. — Mr. Herman C. Merivale writes to the *Times*: "Biographers are parlous persons, but sometimes require looking after before they crystallize into historians. I have just taken up for the first time the memoir of Charles Dickens in Mr. Morley's 'Men of Letters.' The writer, I suppose following Mr. Forster, describes Dickens as doing nothing but suffer in his last visit to town (1870) — not able to go into society except to meet some very especial persons, and then not above the dining-room floor; and, finally, as leaving London for Gadshill on May 30, to be seen in town no more. On June 9 he died. Mr. Forster, I think, puts this last appearance in London a day or two earlier, as the date of his own last dinner with Dickens, who then, according to him, left London not to return, in a state of profound depression, after dining with Mr. Forster. But Mr. Forster is thought to have taken a rather subjective view of his famous friend; and no doubt thought that after him-

self nobody else can possibly have seen Dickens in London. There is no need to surround a national loss and all its infinite sadness with a fictitious gloom. Will you allow me (with the consent of Mr. Dickens's children and from my first and last personal knowledge of him) to say that during the last weeks of May, 1870, I was at his house in Hyde Park Place almost every day for some hours, for the rehearsals of a play in which the characters were taken by his two daughters, Mr. Hastings Hughes (brother of Mr. Thomas Hughes, and once the very schoolboy who wrote to Dickens to tell him what ought to be done with some of the characters in 'Nicholas Nickleby,' and got back the delightful answer beginning 'Respected Sir'), Mr. F. C. Grove and myself. Charles Dickens undertook the entire stage management; and, though he was suffering from his lameness, directed all the rehearsals with a boy's spirit, and a boy's interest in his favorite art; 'coaching' us all with untiring kindness, marking his 'prompt book' as he

marked his readings, and acting all the parts *con amore* one after another, passing from the 'old man' to the 'young lover' with all his famous versatility and power. The performance came off at Cromwell House (Mr. Freake's) on June 2. The later rehearsals took place there; and, like the performance, on the drawing-room floor, under Dickens's active personal direction. On the night (a stifling one) he was behind the scenes as prompter and stage-manager, ringing all the bells and working all the lights, and went through the whole thing with infectious enjoyment. I was gloomy about my part, and do not forget asking him in the morning as a last hope (as he seemed uncertain about its bearings himself), whether he thought it was comic or serious, and the twinkle in his eye when he answered, 'My dear boy, God alone knows. Play it whichever way you feel at night.' And I remember his enjoyment at the dilemma of one of our company, who lost his personal clothes behind the scenes, and had to slip away as best he might, without joining the company in front, in the white regimentals of an Austrian officer from the costumier's point of view. This story, I may add, is quite confirmed by the second volume of his letters as edited by his daughter and sister-in-law. The last printed letter addressed to Mr. Bancroft refers to his last visit to town, and the narrative which connects the letter says, 'On the 2d of June he attended a private play at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Freake.' These letters were published in 1880, but appear to have been disregarded by the biographer of 1882. In a case of such general interest history should be set right in time. When Charles Dickens's love of the stage is remembered this story of his last days is surely as much happier and more touching as it is assuredly more true than that which the biographers want to inflict on us. Biographies are a fact of the day, and if this is their exactness about great men recently lost, what are we to believe about those of some centuries ago?"

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**AN AUSTRALIAN NATURAL HISTORY PUZZLE.**—It may be doubted whether any zoological discovery ever exceeded in interest the discovery in Australia of those two animals, the duck-billed platypus (or ornithorhynchus) and the echidna, or spiny Australian ant-eater. Long as these creatures have now been known, and carefully as they have been studied by Meckel, Owen, and other distinguished anat-

mists, they still continue and will long continue to offer fresh fields of research to the zealous biologist. Many other beasts are divergent enough; between the bat and the sloth, or between the whale and the antelope, not a few differences may be found; but all these added together are simply nothing to the differences which exist between the platypus and echidna on the one hand, and all other beasts taken together upon the other. By their bony breasts, their brains, small ear bones, and many other characters these two forms, which are together spoken of as monotremes, stand alone in their class; but to the interest which such peculiarities naturally excite is now added the interest to be derived from their contemplation in the light of the theory of evolution. The question now arises, How has it been that these two isolated forms have come to exist in a remote part of the world, not only quite without any existing ally (for we count the New Guinea species as an echidna), but without a trace having been found of any fossil relative? Are these monotremes to be regarded as the last survivors of a once very numerous and generally diffused kind of animal life, or as specimens of a small and comparatively modern local offshoot—a sport? Their peculiarities differ from the structure of all ordinary beasts in such a way as to approximate towards that found among different birds and reptiles; but to which of these do they approach the nearer? Investigations recently made by Professor Lankester seem decidedly to indicate their greater affinity to birds in at least one point of their structure. In a very interesting paper read before the Zoological Society the professor points out, as the result of a number of careful dissections, that the structure of the heart, and especially that of the valve of its right side, is (as Professor Owen sagaciously divined) bird-like, rather than (as Professors Huxley and Gegenbaur suspected) formed like that of crocodiles. The anatomical details on which this judgment rests are too technical for reproduction here, but it may interest some of our readers to know that while the structure of the heart of the platypus is very bird-like, that of the echidna is less so, so that if in the latter a few perforations in a piece of membrane were to appear so as to reduce the fibrous membrane into fibrous cords, it would thereby clearly approximate to the form of the heart found in all other beasts. Thus the platypus, by its innermost structure, only makes more and more plain that bird-like nature which its duck's bill caused its first observers to suspect.

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